CE $1.50

NOVEMBER 2, 1984

n. F. Buckley Jr. on
TER GROMYKO, WHAT?
See page 62

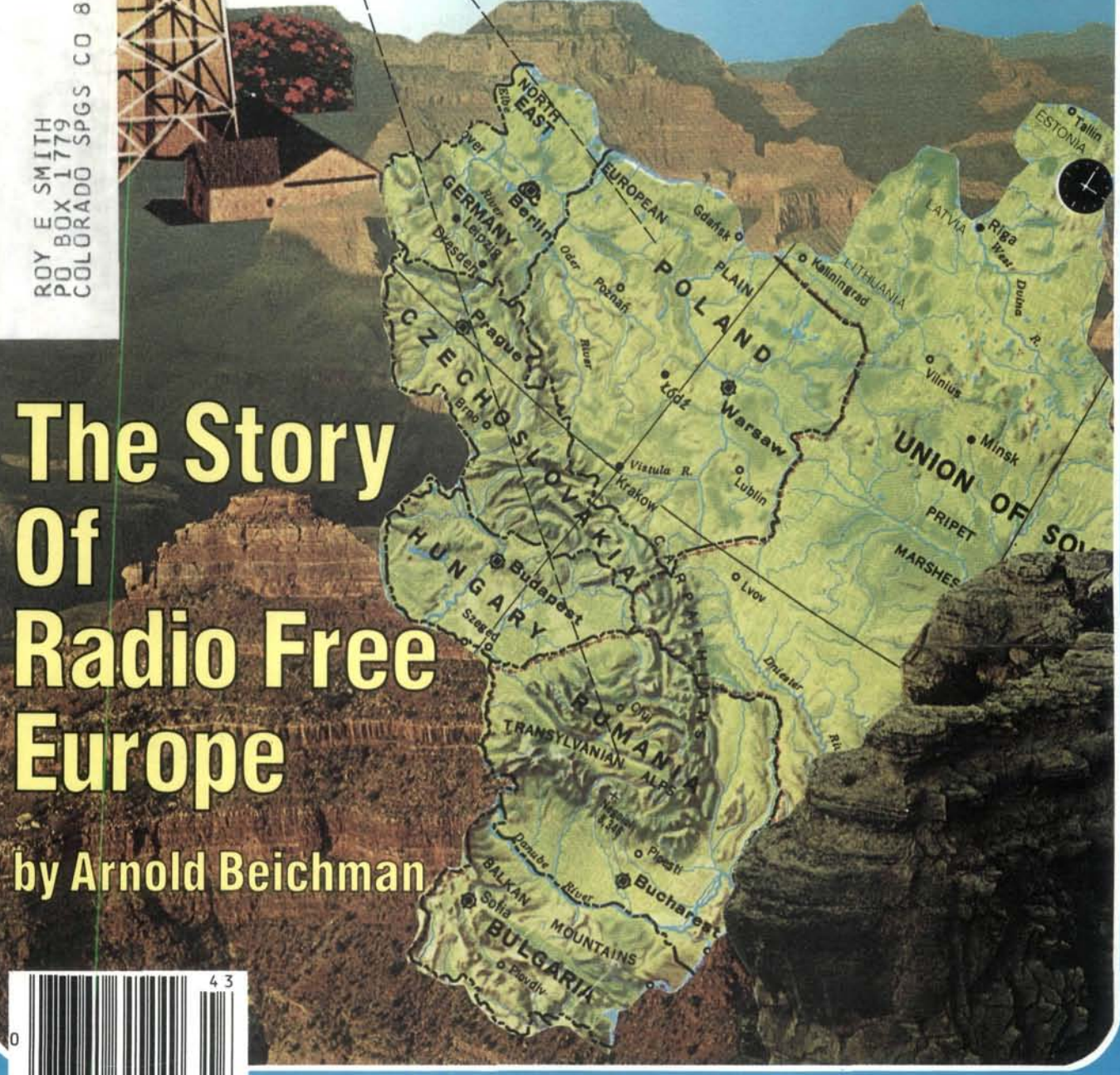
NATIONAL REVIEW

'I preach good tidings unto the meek'

MG0710304809 0048421 P 054 G
ROY E SMITH
PO BOX 1779
COLORADO SPGS CO 80901

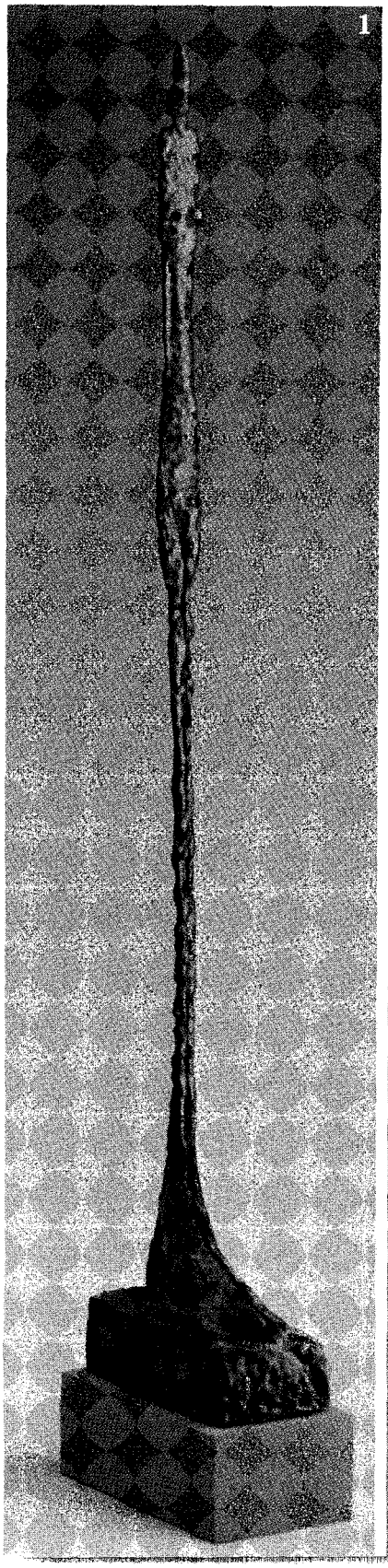
The Story Of Radio Free Europe

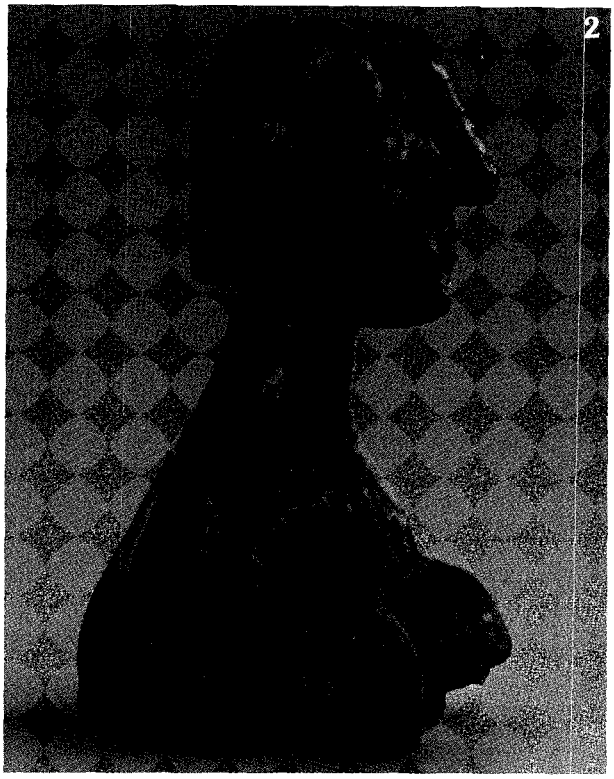
by Arnold Beichman

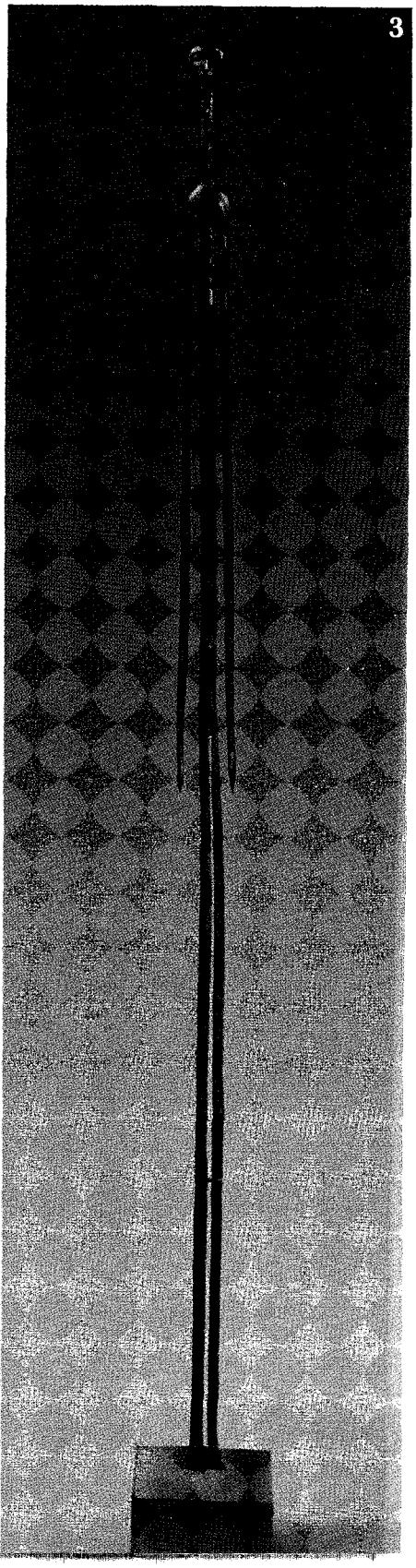


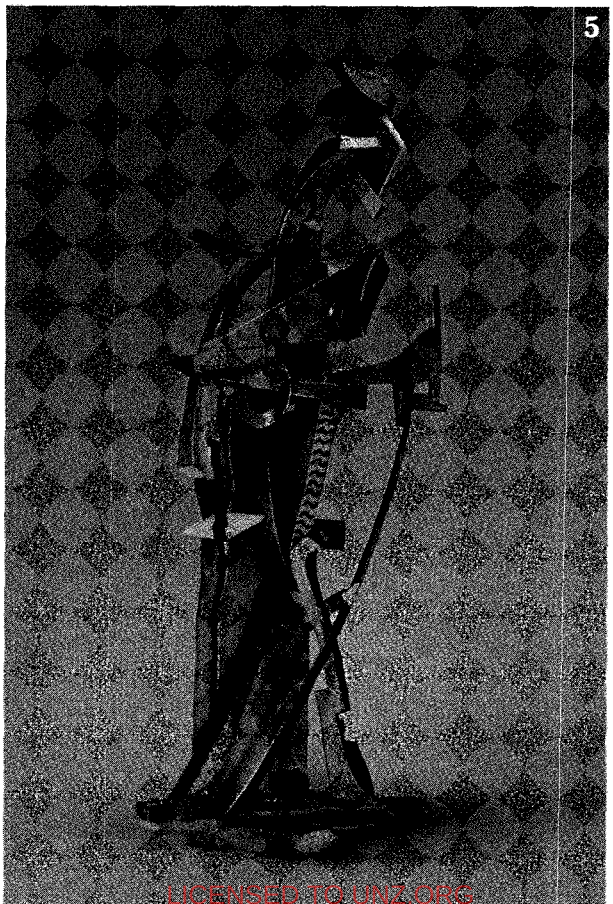
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which is
Which is



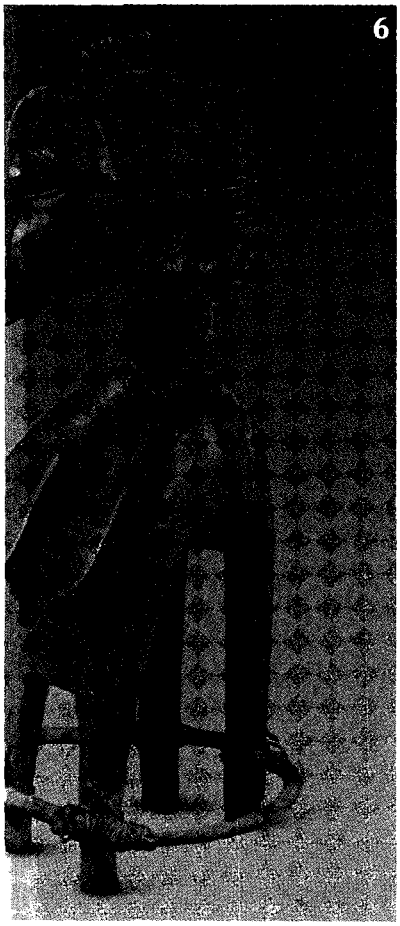






LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'primitive"? 'modern"?



Maybe you can tell at a glance; maybe you can't. But before you leap to the answers down below, put another question to yourself: How do they relate to each other, and we to them? It is a fascinating question which we can only now fully explore for the first time—in an exciting and enlightening new exhibition " 'Primitivism' in 20th Century Art: Affinity of the Tribal and the Modern" at The Museum of Modern Art.

In over 350 works—150 modern and 200 tribal—we can now get a definitive view of the similarities and differences, the influences and affinities which have intrigued us for nearly a hundred years. It is a show which sheds new light on, and challenges much of our "received wisdom" about, both "primitive" and "modern" and their relation to each other. It may be the first art exhibition you've ever seen which asks and answers so many questions about art—and about ourselves.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition, and why we urge you to see it at the times and places listed below. In our business as in yours, we must constantly ask ourselves new questions, and be prepared for answers quite different from those we expect—from the endless resources of our individual imagination, individual creativity and individual innovativeness. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of these things is not patronage; it's a business and human necessity.

If your company would like to know more about corporate sponsorship of art, write Hamish Maxwell, Chairman of the Board, Philip Morris Incorporated, 120 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Philip Morris Incorporated

It takes art to make a company great.

Makers of Marlboro, Benson & Hedges 100's, Merit, Parliament Lights, Virginia Slims and Players; Miller High Life Beer, Lite Beer, Löwenbraü Special and Dark Special Beers, Meister Bräu and Milwaukee's Best; 7UP, Diet 7UP, LIKE Cola and Sugar Free LIKE Cola.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1984

" 'Primitivism' in 20th Century Art: Affinity of the Tribal and the Modern" appears at The Museum of Modern Art, New York, September 27, 1984—January 15, 1985; The Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit, February 27—May 19, 1985; Dallas Museum of Art, Dallas, June 23—September 1, 1985.

1. TALL FIGURE, Alberto Giacometti 1949, The Museum of Modern Art, New York, James Thrall Soby Bequest. 2. BUST OF A WOMAN (MARIE-THERESE WALTER), Pablo Picasso 1931. Musée Picasso, Paris. 3. FIGURE. Nyamwezi, Tanzania. Collection: J. W. Mestach, Brussels. 4. BIRD HEADDRESS. Baga, Guinea. Musée de l'Homme, Paris. 5. SYMPHONY NO. 1, Vladimir Baranoff-Rossiné 1913, The Museum of Modern Art, New York, Katia Granoff Fund. 6. NIMBA MASK. Baga, Guinea. Musée Picasso, Paris (Formerly collection, PABLO PICASSO).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOVEMBER 2, 1984
VOL. XXXVI, NO. 21

NATIONAL REVIEW

BEICHMAN 29

D'SOUZA 36

VAN DYK 40

FRUMKIN 42

THE COVER

29 The Story of Radio Free Europe
Jammed by the Soviets, riven by internal rivalries, bullied by labor unions, Radio Free Europe and its partner, Radio Liberty, are still indispensable for peoples behind the Iron Curtain. Without them, the victims of Communism would be consigned to a confusion perhaps worse than total ignorance. The ultimate tribute came from a spokesman for the Polish regime: "If you would close your Radio Free Europe, the Solidarity underground would completely cease to exist."
Arnold Beichman

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

24 Reagan's Second-Term Cabinet
Another campaign is well under way—for Cabinet positions in the next Reagan White House. *John McLaughlin*

28 Promise and Prospect in the Chinas
Will China still be Communist in 1997? Not at the current rate of change.
Brian Crozier

36 Accuracy in Media
When the *Washington Post* tells it like it isn't, it can count on hearing from Reed Irvine. *Dinesh D'Souza*

40 Afghanistan I: M*A*S*H without Laughter
The Soviets are doing everything they can to get the French doctors out of Afghanistan, including bombing their makeshift hospitals. *Jere Van Dyk*

42 Afghanistan II: Untold Stories
Three brief views of the war in Afghanistan, revealing, among other things, how to be a good Soviet soldier. *Si Frumkin*

44 How Not to Win an Election
He who levitates . . . *John Keefauver*

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

48 **Forrest McDonald** assays the grim story and grimmer prospects of *The Kennedys*. . . . Yet another Churchill bio—but this one is short and sweet, says **Joe Mysak**. . . . **Joseph Sobran** has mixed feelings about *The Leaning Tower of Babel*. . . . The young S. J. Perelman fails to amuse **D. Keith Mano**. . . . Todd Gitlin's *Inside Prime Time* strikes **Terry Teachout** as a tendentious complaint about TV. . . . **Henrik Bering-Jensen** celebrates Evelyn Waugh, Tourist. . . . **Richard Brookhiser**, Tourist, celebrates Ravello.

6 LETTERS
12 FOR THE RECORD
14 THE WEEK
26 POLITICAL ECONOMY
38 help!
46 ABROAD
54 THE RIGHT BOOKS
62 ON THE RIGHT
66 TRANS-O-GRAM

Cover design by Colleen Lawlor
Collage by Marc Yankus

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1984. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

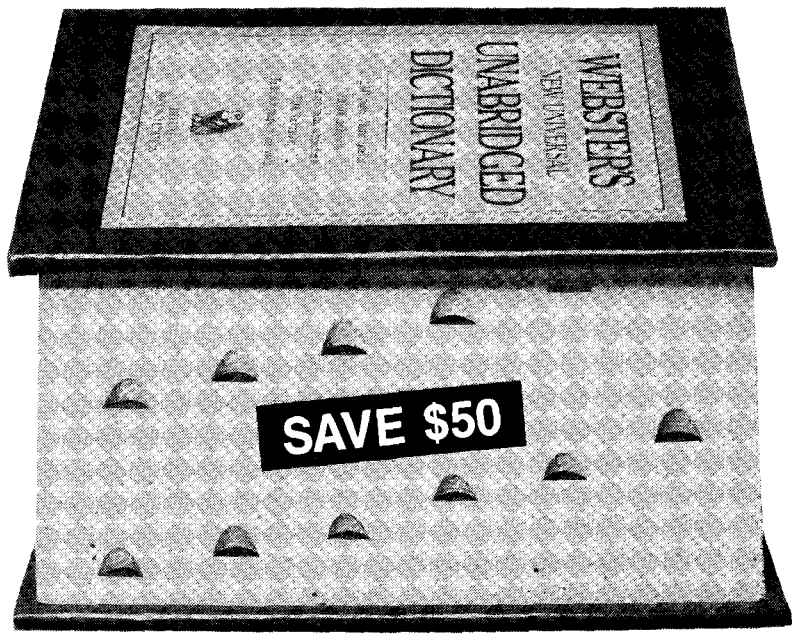
RATES: $29.00 a year (25 issues). Add $6.25 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The price of looking it up just went *way down*!

While most unabridged dictionaries sell for unabridged prices—$50, $60, $70—this 2,300-page Webster's costs only $19.95. Through a special arrangement with the publisher, we are now able to offer this $69.95 value at a 70%—or $50—markdown from the original price! Now, you can bring this widely respected reference into your home, office, or classroom. And just look at what the Webster's contains:

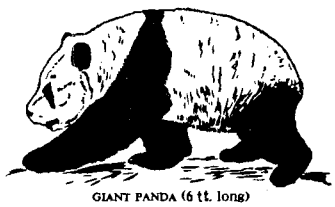
- Over 320,000 Words
- More than 3,000 Illustrations
- 19 Encyclopedic Supplements
- A Thumb-Indexed Format



This Standard Reference Has Over 320,000 Words

For more than 40 years, the Webster's comprehensiveness has made it *the* standard reference. With over 320,000 words and phrases, the *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* continues that great tradition. The Webster's defines common and obscure words, words used in other centuries and words newly created in the sciences and the humanities.

More Than 3,000 Illustrations



GIANT PANDA (6 ft. long)

The Webster's is strong on visuals, too. Finely detailed pen drawings appear throughout the text, and there's a full section of color-plate illustrations of plants, animals, airplanes, ships, and more. These illusrations help make the Webster's a fun, visually exciting learning experience, especially for children.

19 Encyclopedic Supplements

Other dictionaries may contain a few supplements, but the Webster's has over *150 pages* of specialized information for every interest. Here are just *some* of the categories and features included.

- 9 Large, Full-Color Maps
- Dictionaries of Place Names and Geographical Features
- A Dictionary of Biography
- Dictionaries of Names from the Bible, Myths, and Fiction
- A Dictionary of Commonly Used Abbreviations
- Forms of Addresses
- The Basics of Practical Math
- Commonly Used Financial and Commercial Terms
- A Dictionary of Foreign Words and Phrases

A Tradition of Quality

Concise, correct, complete definitions have been the hallmark of the Webster's since the distinguished philologist Noah Webster published the first edition in 1806. The Webster tradition of quality also extends to its format and organization. The pages are thumb-indexed for handy reference. While other large dictionaries use eye-straining type, the Webster's features good-sized print, with defined words standing out clearly in boldface. To make reading easier still, each definition is listed on a separate line or set of lines.

We Repeat: $19.95 Is An Unbeatable Value

An *unabridged* dictionary that sells for $19.95 is a rare find, especially when the dictionary bears a famous name like Webster's. And, best of all, our 30-day money-back guarantee means that if, for any reason, you decide to return this outstanding dictionary within 30 days, we will refund your money *in full*.

SINCE 1873
Barnes & Noble
BOOKSTORES

126 Fifth Ave., Dept. W 203, N.Y., N.Y. 10011

1189398. Please rush me____copies of the Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary at your special sale price of $19.95 (plus $3.00 shipping & insurance per volume.) N.Y. and N.J. residents: Please add sales tax.

Examine this unabridged Dictionary for up to 30 days. If you are not absolutely convinced that it is the finest dictionary you ever used, you may return it for a full and prompt refund.

✓Check One
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ I prefer to charge this purchase to:

☐ American Express Card ☐ VISA ☐ Master Card

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Account# Exp.

Signature

Offer good only in the continental U.S.A.

©1984, Barnes & Noble Bookstores, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*
William A. Rusher *Publisher*
James P. McFadden
Consultant to the Editor

Editors
Richard Brookhiser / James Burnham
Jeffrey Hart / Joseph Sobran
Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*

Executive Editors
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Kevin Lynch *(Articles)*
John McLaughlin *(Washington)*
Chilton Williamson Jr.
(Books, Arts & Manners)

Associate Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributing Editors
Tom Bethell / Brian Crozier
Werner J. Dannhauser / W. H. von Dreele
Nika Hazelton / D. Keith Mano
Michael Novak / Walter Olson
William F. Rickenbacker / John Simon
Ernest van den Haag / Timothy J. Wheeler

Associates
David Brooks / Catherine M. Shea
Jane Buckley Smith / Lacey Washington
Ione Whitlock

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
John J. Virtes *Librarian*
Colleen Lawlor *Art Director*
Anna Lieber *Production Editor*
Dorothy B. Humanitzki *Copy Editor*
Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Circulation Manager
Sylvia Wolinsky

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / Ruth Berenson
David Brudnoy / John Chamberlain
John R. Coyne Jr. / Dinesh D'Souza
David Evanier / M. Stanton Evans
Mary Gauerke / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Donald Hall
Malcolm Hancock / Henry Hazlitt
Charles R. Kesler / John Kiley
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Nicholas King
Jan Lukas / Forrest McDonald
Charles Burton Marshall / Thomas Molnar
Gerhart Niemeyer / Joseph A. Rehyansky
Alan Reynolds / Selden Rodman
Francis Russell / Morrie Ryskind
Michael Scully / Terry Teachout
Ralph de Toledano / S. L. Varnado
Charles Wallen Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*

LETTERS

Leaders Astray

I very much enjoyed the exchange on populism between Joseph Johnston and Richard Viguerie in your latest issue [Oct. 19]. Mr. Johnston's essay had me totally convinced—that is, until I read Mr. Viguerie's response. Mr. Johnston makes some very good points about the problems with the old populist movement and says that "Viguerie's solutions include some sound proposals . . . but they have nothing whatever to do with populism." But he then goes on to say exactly what Mr. Viguerie predicts he would: that people need "genuine leadership," which will tell them "unpalatable truths." Obviously no politician should violate his personal ethical standards just to achieve popularity. And it would be wonderful if our leaders had deeper insight and higher moral standards than the rest of us and therefore could give us direction. But my own Ivy League background makes me very dubious. If my college classmates are the future leaders Mr. Johnston means, then I certainly hope they fail at exerting moral influence on the country. I never noticed that higher education did much for their morals—or their common sense.

James P. McShane
Wayne, Pa.

Getting the Drift

From Joe Sobran's review of my book, *Heresies* [Oct. 5], I trust that I am entitled to hope that if he and I found ourselves adrift in a small lifeboat on the sea of unbelief, we would both be rowing (in the same direction?), rather than bashing at each other with the oars. I would like to make an observation about what St. Paul says in I Corinthians 11 about the Communion: "Is not the cup of blessing which we bless a *sharing in the* blood of Christ? Is not the bread which we break a sharing in the body of Christ?" (11:16, New American Standard Bible translation). St. Paul says that it is a *sharing in*, not that it is substantially the Body. I think that St. Paul's words *permit* the Roman Catholic interpretation, but I don't see that they explicitly *teach* it. Since it isn't evident from Mr. Sobran's review, I should add that while many Protestants deny the *real* presence of Christ in the Eucharist, both Luther and Calvin taught it. They had trouble with the "bodily" or "corporeal" presence, but they insisted on the *real* presence.

Since the doctrine of the Real Presence is very important, I would like to record that I too think that it is Biblical and therefore altogether true.

Harold O. J. Brown
Klosters, Switzerland

Strength in Reserve

Although I am in general agreement with Michael A. Scully's article, "Defense Preparedeness" [Sept. 7], I am compelled to raise a specific point in disagreement.

Mr. Scully reports that reserve forces are not equal and cannot be equal to regular forces. He further laments (through Professor Philip Gold, upon whose article in *The Public Interest* Mr. Scully is reporting) that 43 per cent of Army tank battalions are in the Army National Guard and 39 per cent of Army medical units are in the Army Reserve. Mr. Scully therefore infers that these units, by virtue of their reserve status, are inferior to their active-duty counterparts. However, what Mr. Scully does not realize is that many National Guard battalions consistently outgun and outperform many of their Regular Army sister battalions. This superior performance by supposedly inferior soldiers is principally attributable to the fact that these battalions are often manned and led by veterans. Similarly, the 39 per cent of Army medical units in the Army Reserve are often superior to active-duty units because they draw individuals who either have had prior military experience or are in civilian medical occupations that demand even greater skill than the Army demands.

What Mr. Scully's remarks concerning the reserves really reflect is the Regular Army's petty and irrational disdain for the reserves. If Mr. Scully is seriously concerned about the present competence of reservists or the inordinate time involved in mobilizing reserve forces (which in the past was often due more to the Army's lack of interest and its byzantine method of reorganizing trained units into less than spectacular ad hoc amalgamations, rather than a lack of readiness) then he should also be concerned that, of the four major conflicts fought by the Regular Army in this century, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUSTICE FOR ~~ALL.~~ MANY. SOME. A FEW.

Our civil justice system is in serious trouble.

If total litigation cost exceeds the amount of money received by a plaintiff, something is very wrong. If an injury most people think of as minor brings a higher award than a fatal accident, nothing makes sense. If a simple lawsuit takes years to resolve, everybody loses.

Chief Justice Warren E. Burger has noted, "...there has been a slowly–all too slowly–developing awareness that the traditional litigation process has become too cumbersome, too expensive, and also burdened by many other disadvantages."

Can anything be done? We think it can.

We are the Insurance Information Institute, action and information center for the property and casualty insurance industry.

Our member companies are vitally involved in the issue of civil justice. Their efforts to keep their customers' insurance prices down are hindered by high legal costs and unpredictable court awards.

What the public wants.

We've sponsored a Gallup survey to determine how people feel about civil justice today.

The results show that the public believes considerable delays occur in bringing cases to trial. They think that judges, not juries, should set awards in civil lawsuits. And they oppose punitive damages beyond full compensation for a loss.

Taking positive steps.

To do something about these problems, our industry has joined with others to create coalitions of concerned citizens–including executives, lawyers, manufacturers, and health care professionals. Working together, they are developing new solutions to the civil justice crisis. In state after state, their ideas are being translated into action.

The ideals of civil justice will be served far better by courts that move more quickly, cost taxpayers less, and decide awards on a more consistent basis.

It's in the interests of everyone.

Our new report, *The Civil Justice Crisis*, examines reforms now being proposed. It tells how you can get involved. We'd like you to have a copy free of charge.

2J

Insurance Information Institute
110 William Street
New York, NY 10038

Please send me a free copy of
The Civil Justice Crisis

Name

Address

City State Zip

Insurance Information Institute
A nonprofit action and information center

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freedom to change, Brady style

BRADY

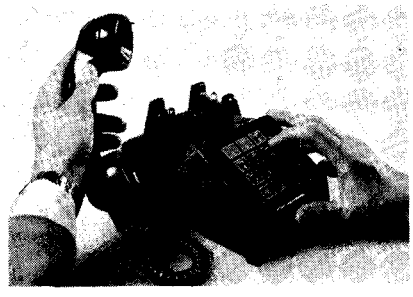
™ ADHESIVE AND GRAPHICS CHEMISTRY

Despite the many ways government at all levels increasingly intrudes in our business and personal lives, we still enjoy more freedom than most of the rest of the world.

Like *freedom to change,* just as Brady has recently done with its own corporate identity. In order to make businessmen more clearly aware of who we are, and what we do, two steps have been taken.

• First, development of a new corporate signature, logo, symbol and slogan. You see it above, and you'll soon be seeing it in our ads, packaging, letterheads, signs, and calling cards.

• Second, a colorful new corporate brochure that tells you who we are, how we got started and what we make, and where we make and sell it. We'll be pleased to send you a copy.



Brady LiteTouch™ low voltage membrane switches combine contemporary graphics and solid state electronic technology in a sealed package. Just one of many innovative Brady products for industry and business. Perhaps you'll see a place to put Brady to work in your company as you review our new corporate brochure.

WBC-6

BRADY

™ ADHESIVE AND GRAPHICS CHEMISTRY

W. H. BRADY CO.
727 W. Glendale Avenue
P. O. Box 571, Milwaukee, WI 53201

only one it has lost was the one it decided to fight without the reserves. Yet today the Army views its reserve forces as exploitable sources of cannon fodder.

The failure of the Defense Department's Total Force policy is not the lack of a capable reserve, or even the inclusion of reserves in strategic missions outside our borders, but an overly ambitious strategic commitment that is well beyond both regulars and reserves. Unfortunately, as in the past, the blame for this failure will fall on the wrong individual: the reserve soldier.

James W. Bennetts
New Hope, Minn.

Judge's Guilt

Mona Charen's "Decline of Shame" [Sept. 21] points the finger of guilt at many whose attitude and reaction justified the title, but one culprit was overlooked—the Supreme Court of the United States.

Before that august body decided, contrary to its own previous pronouncements, that pornography and obscenity could be the subjects of commercial exploitation and enjoy a virtual immunity from effective control, the fate that befell Vanessa Williams would simply not have occurred.

One may argue, with considerable force, that vulgarity, obscenity, and visualized filth are sometimes confused with true art, but examples are rare. Whether the growth of a wealthy industry dedicated to purveying filth is too much of a price to pay is likely to be hotly debated, but if Vanessa Williams reflects on how its tentacles embraced and destroyed her, she is unlikely to conclude that judges who made it possible were wise and moral men.

Griffin Smith
Little Rock, Ark.

Tarnished Truth

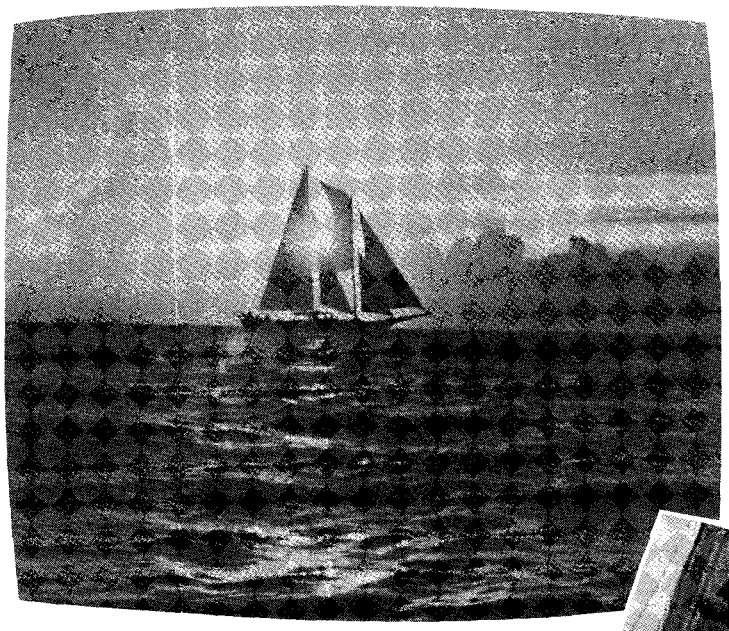
Dan Dickinson is usually the sterling conservative, but his lambasting review [Oct. 5] of Morgan Reynolds's book, *Power and Privilege: Labor Unions in America*, constitutes a disservice to conservatism.

To be sure, he invokes the Scripture according to Adam Smith, and Adam Smith is certainly a name to conjure with. But Smith was not infallible, and the swift climb of wages with the quickening of the virtually unionless Industrial Revolution suggests Smith overestimated "the power of the masters."

Moreover, the question is not unionism as such but *compulsory* unionism. Workers should be, in Milton Friedman's phrase, free to choose. But in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXPERIENCE A HOME VIDEO FIRST!
Bestselling Book on Videocassette

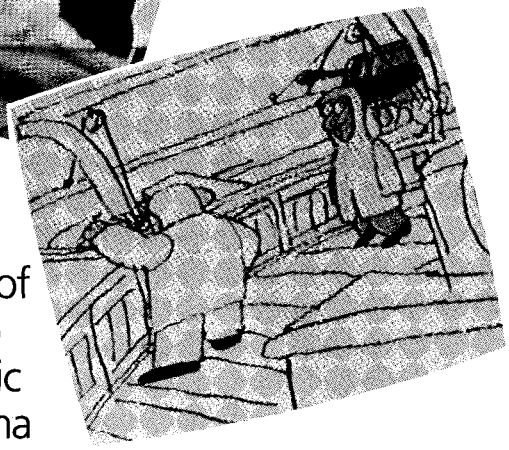


Ever dream of crossing the Atlantic on your own sailboat? William F. Buckley, Jr. did it! Sail with him across the ocean aboard his yacht, Cyrano.

William F. Buckley, Jr.'s "AIRBORNE"

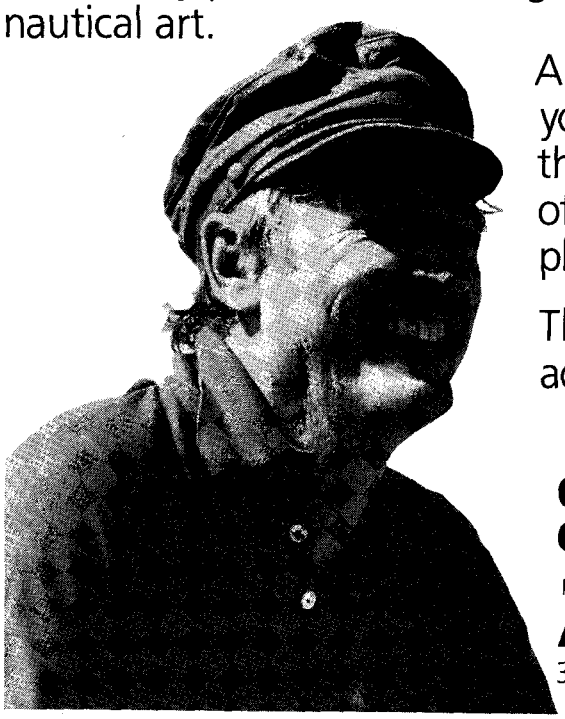
Full Color Running Time: 2 Hours 15 Minutes.

VHS or Beta
$89.99



Savor the joy and excitement of this sailing adventure. Learn how to weather storms, heave-to, how knock downs occur and how to handle emergencies.

Share the moments of humor and pathos thru family photos, film footage and nautical art.



All in the comfort of your own home, to the beautiful music of Alicia DeLarrocha plus an original score.

This quality cassette is the perfect gift or addition to your own video library.

ORDER NOW, TOLL FREE!
CALL 1-800-331-1900 (OPERATOR 86)

MasterCard, Visa or Amex accepted or send check or money order to:

AVANT COMMUNICATIONS, INC.
36 West 44th St., Suite 707, Dept. NR New York, New York 10036
Please add $3.00 each for postage and handling. New York residents add sales tax.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The way some companies sell computers could be driving you to drink.

Or worse, it could be driving you away from computers completely.

Because selling a computer by the piece, although potentially more profitable for the store, is potentially disastrous for you.

As a Kaypro 2 customer, you walk away with a complete computer package, hardware and software, for $1295.

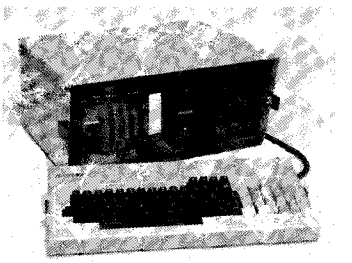
A package that includes a 64K RAM, Z-80A microprocessor. A 9″ non-glare monitor. Dual disk drives with a 400K capacity. A detachable typewriter-style keyboard with numeric pad. Interfaces for both a printer and telecommunications. And software you'd have to pay thousands more for.

There are no decisions to make. No fears to overcome. Nothing to get between you and a computer.

The Kaypro 2. The $1295 Computer that really sells for $1295.

Call toll-free 800-4-KAYPRO in the US, or 800-9-KAYPRO in California, for the authorized Kaypro dealer in your area.

Ask about Kaypro quick credit.



KAYPRO®

The $1295 computer that really sells for $1295

"I go in to buy this $995 computer, see? And $6,000 later, this salesman says, 'Now let's talk software.'"

Registered Trademarks: Z-80, Zilog; ©1984 Kaypro

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

1. Title of publication: NATIONAL REVIEW.

2. Date of filing: September 19, 1984.

3. Frequency of issue: Bi-weekly.

3A. No. of issues published annually: 25.

3B. Annual subscription price: $29.00.

4. Location of known office of publication: 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

5. Location of the headquarters or general business office of the publishers: 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher: William A. Rusher, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016; Editor: William F. Buckley Jr., 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016; Managing Editor: Priscilla L. Buckley, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

7. Owner (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other incorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual, must be given.): National Review, Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016; William F. Buckley Jr., 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016; Priscilla L. Buckley, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

10. Extent and nature of circulation:

	Average no. copies of each issue during preceding 12 months	Actual no. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date
a) Total no. copies printed:	128,017	126,904
b) 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales:	3,250	3,360
2. Mail subscriptions:	116,177	115,035
c) Total paid circulation:	119,427	118,395
d) Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means; samples, complimentary, and other free copies:	1,973	2,087
e) Total distribution (sum of c and d):	121,400	120,482
f) 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing:	1,867	1,782
2. Returns from news agents:	4,750	4,640
g) Total (sum of e and f—should equal net press run shown in a):	128,017	126,904

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (Signed) Edward A. Capano, Associate Publisher.

thirty of our fifty states, a worker must join a union when voting members say he must. Mr. Dickinson is mum on the evil of compulsion.

He also ignores the historical record of workers increasingly turning down unionism when they can choose. Unions won 55.2 per cent of NLRB-representation elections in 1970 but only 43.7 per cent in 1982. By the same token, union members as a share of the non-farm labor force have slipped from 27.3 per cent in 1970 to an estimated 19.6 per cent in 1984—a figure that would be even lower were it not for some five and a half million unionized government workers, up from four million in 1970.

Lastly, Dan Dickinson also ignores the problem of unions pricing themselves out of jobs as in steel, autos, coal, and construction.

William H. Peterson
Center for Economic Education
The University of Tennessee
at Chattanooga
Chattanooga, Tenn.

A Proper Pride

Why would John McLaughlin detract from what's happening in America today by defining it as nationalism rather than the old-fashioned virtue of patriotism it so clearly represents ["The New Nationalism," Sept. 21]?

Nationalism denotes a jingoistic response to the interests of one's nation that has little to do with the real merit of these interests. Patriotism, on the other hand, seems to pay honor to those valid ideals that civilization has honored since its inception. We've ignored these ideals in past decades in order to permit the immature among us an opportunity to vent their frustrations with life in general. But we are finally recognizing the unique position America enjoys among the countries of the world and are again proud to be Americans.

There's little doubt that President Reagan deserves the lion's share of the credit for this turnaround.

Arla J. Tracz
Falls Church, Va.

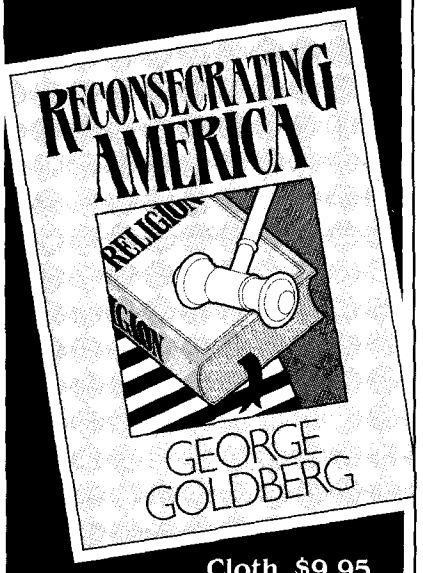
Geographical Gripe

It is comforting to know that Mr. Bruce-Briggs cannot be accused of confusing Detroit with Moscow ["A Catechism of Strategic Defense," Oct. 5].

On the other hand, Cheyenne, Wyoming, is one thing; the North American Air Defense headquarters under Cheyenne Mountain in *Colorado Springs, Colorado*, is quite another.

John S. Meyer
Boulder, Colo.

"A SPLENDID AND FASCINATING BOOK,
a model of a clear, closely reasoned, lucid, and persuasive analysis of how an activist Supreme Court has perverted the meaning of the First Amendment provisions about religion."
– MILTON FRIEDMAN



Cloth, $9.95

"A shrewd and useful book."
– C. MICHAEL CURTIS
Senior Editor, *The Atlantic*

"Well written and informative. . . . The book aptly illustrates the conflict between the 'establishment' and 'free exercise' clauses, the inconsistencies in the current law and how they developed through case law over the years, and it provides the reader with a rational and reasonable approach for the future."
–THEODORE M. HESBURGH
President, University of Notre Dame

474
At your bookstore, or write:
WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO.
255 JEFFERSON AVE. S.E. / GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. 49503

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

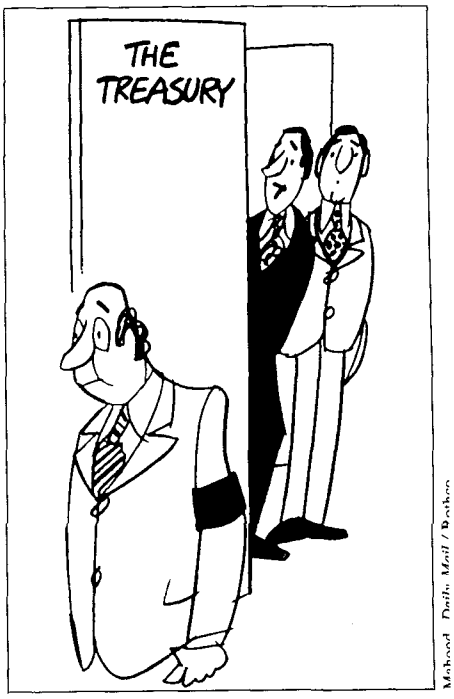
Immediate post-debate polls varied widely, from a one-point **Mondale** lead (ABC) to a twenty-point Mondale lead (Mondale pollster **Peter Hart**). Only White House pollster **Richard Wirthlin** thought **Ronald Reagan** shaded his opponent, 41 to 38 per cent. . . . The politicos were quick to mount the attack. Said Rep. **Tony Coelho**, Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee Chairman: "The age issue is in the campaign now and people like me can talk about it even if Mondale can't." One day later, Coelho had lost some of his delicacy. To a question on whether the President was doddering, he replied: "Well, he didn't quite drool." . . . On the right, **Terry Dolan** of NCPAC commented: "Gone was the vision of the future that he put forward in 1980. He [the President] was using statistics that made no sense." . . . And **Gary Hart** predicted the Yuppie vote would "turn massively to Mondale" in the weeks ahead. . . . *Washington Post* wheeled out its big guns on its Op-Ed page, Tuesday, the 9th. **Joseph Kraft**: "Mondale is no longer just a bad joke." **Richard Cohen**: "It was the revenge of the nerd." **Mark Shields**: "Before our very eyes Mondale the Loser turned into Mondale the Underdog." **George Will**: "Mondale's problem was to get people to take him seriously. He did that." **David Broder**: "My guess is that some of them [under-35 voters] may be taking a second look [at Walter Mondale]. Youth is not particularly tolerant of the vagaries of age such as Reagan displayed." . . . **Evans & Novak** report that in both Mondale and Reagan headquarters in Louisville the afternoon of the debate "talk of a realignment election was in the air. It had vanished less than 12 hours later."

Still, the week's *U.S. News & World Report*'s cover story asks: "Are You Better Off Today than You Were Four Years Ago?" and the answer from the people it polled is a pretty resounding yes. To wit: 46 per cent feel their financial condition will be better next year than this year; 41 per cent feel it's better than it was four years ago, and 38 per cent credit Reagan with achieving that. Who handles the economy better? Republicans, by nearly 2 to 1. Who handles foreign policy better? Republicans, 38 to 22 per cent. If the election were held today whom would you vote for? Reagan 50 per cent, Mondale 24 per cent. . . . On the vice presidential scene, David Broder threw up his hands the other day. **Geraldine Ferraro**'s crowds are larger, he reported, her speeches are tougher and more passionate, her press more laudatory than **George Bush**'s, "but Bush beats her every which way in the polls." Bush is regarded more favorably by a whopping 61 to 33 per cent according to *Washington Post*/NBC News polls.

As we near the finish line, the rhetoric gets supercharged. **Jesse Jackson**, in announcing his support for Mondale: "Upon close observation [Reagan] is closer to **Herod** than he would be to the family of **Jesus**." . . . **Ralph Nader**, at a Mondale rally in Cleveland, accuses Reagan of having done "everything in his power to shaft the elderly." . . . **Anthony T. Podesta**, of **Norman Lear**'s People for the American Way, called upon Reagan to "renounce these tactics of moral **McCarthyism**." He was referring to **Jerry Falwell**'s formation of the American Coalition for Traditional Values. . . . From London, **Graham Greene** thunders that Reagan is "a menace [and] as extreme as anyone in the Kremlin," and adds that he would rather "end my days in the Gulag than in California." . . . Which—ending up in Castro's Gulag—is what a Cuban mechanic, **Jesús Barrios Luaces**, did, by yelling "Viva Reagan" on San Miguel St. in Havana on Oct. 10, 1981. Four years, said the judge, for the crime of "enemy propaganda."

The American Opportunity Foundation is staging nationwide celebration on first anniversary of Grenada's Liberation (Oct. 25) with cable TV documentary (satellite transmission over West Star V, Transponder 12X, 7 P.M. EST, Oct. 24), publication of eight-hundred-page *Grenada Archives*, speaking engagements by U.S. medical students rescued in Grenada at college campuses across the nation. For info call: 202-544-5848. . . . ISI is holding seminar on "Utopianism" Dec. 1, Long Island University, Brooklyn Center. Speakers: **Thomas Molnar**, **Paul Hollander**, **John Rao**. . . . Resistance International plans two-day conference in Paris in November, featuring **John Barron**, **Arnaud de Borchgrave**, **Claire Sterling**, among others. Date and locale to come. . . . And **Henry Regnery**, founder of Regnery Gateway publishing house, has received American Values Award for Distinguished Journalism given by United States Industrial Council Educational Foundation.

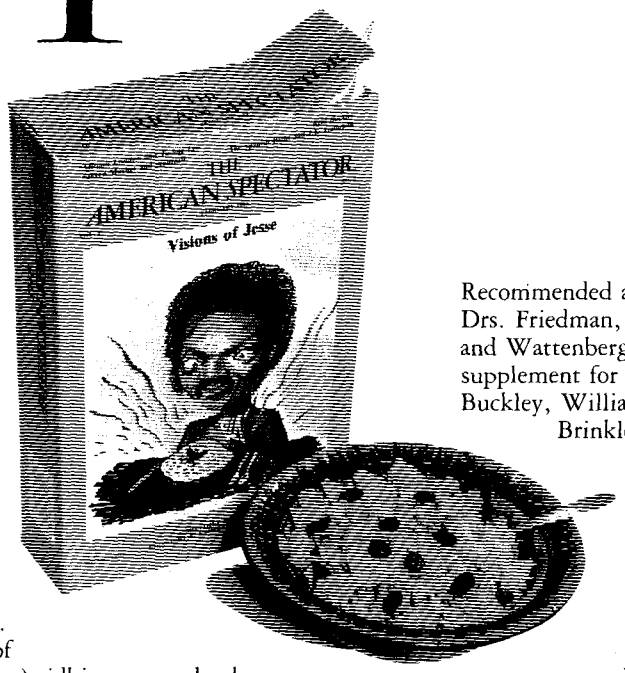
Funniest crack of the season from political consultant **James L. Martin**, who called **Elliot Richardson**'s devastating defeat at hands of **Ray Shamie** "the Tuesday Night Massacre."



"No one you know—he's in mourning for the pound."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cerebral supplement.



Regular reading got you down? Feel less stimulated, queasy about current events, unable to evaluate the world as a whole? Perhaps your search has been in the wrong nooks and craniums.

Your brain is crying out for *The American Spectator*. Each bowl is chock-full of enriching (albeit humorous) tidbits, meaty book reviews, vitamin packed articles, delectable dissertations, and ads for other like-minded magazines and periodicals. No other supplement on the market today packs as much wallop per spoonful as *The American Spectator*.

One bowl of *The American Spectator* has as much inorganic nutrition as eighteen bowls of *Time*, thirty-six bowls of the *Washington Post*, and nine-hundred and fifty-six bowls of the *National Lampoon*.

Recommended and consumed by Drs. Friedman, Kissinger, Hayakawa, and Wattenberg. A regular dietary supplement for Tom Wolfe, Bill Buckley, William Safire, David Brinkley, Claire Booth Luce, Peter Grace, Brock Yates, Malcolm Forbes, and thousands of other knowledge-starved people JUST LIKE YOURSELF.

If deficiencies in your reading diet include the lack of insight, humor, eloquence and intelligence — your mind needs *The American Spectator*. No other monthly periodical contains these well-balanced ingredients: high fiber political and economic analysis, R. Emmett Tyrrell's musings, full course book, movie and saloon reviews, idiotic quotations culled from around the world, and more unregulated additives.

Your mind is starving for stimulus. Order an eight month supply of *The American Spectator* today!

Send for an eight month supply today! 4NLA

Yes. I'm hungry for more cerebral stimulation. Rush me a trial diet of eight issues for only $11.95. If I'm not completely satisfied, I either haven't read an issue, or I'm offended by the Tip O'Neill zingers; either way, I understand that I'll get a full refund on the unused portion of my subscription.

_____ Enclosed is my payment for $11.95.

_____ Please bill me after my first feeding.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

P.O. Box 1969 • Bloomington, IN 47402

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

☐ The President's performance in the first debate (see "The Debate," p. 16) was by no means as poor as general comment would suggest. He "lost" only in the sense that he fell short of expectations, while Walter Mondale gave the performance of his life (and was still only marginally better than usual). Reagan was obviously overwound, overcoached, overstatisticized. These events aren't high-school debates, and you don't win on points. Ronald Reagan isn't the best campaigner of his generation because of his mnemonic gifts, such as they are. He has triumphed not by remembering things, but by saying things people remember. Next time he should bring his eloquence along. That's one thing Walter Mondale won't be ready for, no matter how he prepares.

☐ Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah led the obstructionist forces that succeeded, after many a weary day and night, in keeping a pandemoniacal civil-rights bill from being grafted onto a spending bill. Because of Hatch's unshakable resistance, sufficient in itself to suffocate the bill in parliamentary smog, all manner of nerds and surds were given a free pass to vote for this notable nonsense. Hence the putative majorities of 10 to 1 in favor. Hence the screams of anguish from the Old Established Left, such as the *New York Times*, which found it "tragic that such an uphill fight should be required for issues that were fought over, and settled, years ago." *And settled?*

☐ Keep your eye on Ray Shamie of Massachusetts. This French-Syrian Catholic from the wrong side of the tracks squashed the old WASP blueblood, Elliot Richardson, 62 to 38 per cent, and won the Republican senatorial nomination. Shamie is a brilliant campaigner, completely at ease in public and in the television studio, speaking the language of the hard-working man (which he is), and appealing to sectors of the population forgotten several centuries ago by the Lodges and the Saltonstalls. The tremendous vote in the Republican primary suggests a large turnout of independents and conservative Democrats; indeed, Massachusetts today resembles New York in the mid-1960s, when the Conservative Party began to tap the conservative Irish and Italian voting blocs that had been Democratic when the Democrats were the party of free trade and the gold standard. Shamie carried 309 of Massachusetts's 351 cities and towns, including all the larger ones, and drew the biggest Republican primary vote in twenty years. He campaigned, in his warm and forthright way, on the Republican Platform and the policies of President Reagan. "I stand before you tonight," he said in his victory speech, "as someone who knows what it is to be poor and someone who has felt discrimination. As a working man who never stopped working, as someone who identifies with small business, not big business, as a grandchild of immigrants who only asked to be called Americans. . . . We're going to make this the party of young people. And the party for working people. And the party for those who believe in limiting government, not in limiting freedom."

☐ Leapin' Lizards, things must be even worse for Mondale/Ferraro than we thought. In Texas, Republican congressional candidate Dick Armey has gleefully put out a press release on the discovery that his opponent, Representative Tom Vandergriff, does indeed intend to vote for Walter Mondale. Not, you understand, that the word "Mondale" has passed Vandergriff's lips, but the Armey forces have located a tape in which Vandergriff was cornered into saying: "I expect to vote for the Democratic nominee for my party, and you won't be able to find a Republican candidate who will say that he will not vote for anybody save the Republican." Vandergriff won last time around by fewer than four hundred votes.

☐ The war on poverty drags on, after twenty years. The anniversary of Lyndon Johnson's landslide victory over Barry Goldwater is as good a time as any to recall that LBJ fought two wars. In Vietnam the liberals quickly decided we couldn't win and insisted on cutting our losses. In the war on poverty, however, they've shown incredible tenacity. They're still seeing light at the end of the tunnel, insisting that all that's missing is the will to win, and blaming Ronald Reagan for sabotaging the war effort. Best guess is they're willing to hang in there for another twenty years.

☐ Columnist David Broder is known for a kind of suave objectivity, a stance of nonpartisan analytical precision. But in a recent column he experienced some sort of atavistic seizure and informed us that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

WHAT WENT WRONG? "Some people around Reagan gave him all the wrong advice—as in every campaign he's been involved in," said a Reaganite congressman, explaining Dutch's second-place showing in the first of the '84 Great Debates. "They told him to avoid risks, and to take command of mountains of data, so that he wouldn't look shallow. Whereupon they pumped him up with stats, and pushed him on stage to regurgitate them." Who were these advisors who so miscued the President? Richard Darman is taking the rap, but the President is "madder than hell" with himself for insisting that aides prep him with lots of data. "Reagan will come back, as he always has in the past, fighting, appealing to the ideals and the nobler instincts of the people," says the congressman, again assigning chief blame to overcoaching, rather than to fatigue, or age, or tension (the President had everything to lose and nothing to gain by the encounter).

The damage to Reagan does not seem to be serious now, pundits here say, but in combination with other negatives it could become so. Such debates do more to reinforce opinion and inclination than to change it outright. That being the case, Reagan is still in very good shape, since over 60 per cent of the people approve of him as of the latest polls. "As long as he stays at the 60 per cent level, there's no problem," says a senior Republican senator. "But if he drops into the mid-fifties, then we'll begin to see an impact on congressional races."

Meanwhile, Mondale may have scored higher on points, but Reagan got some political mileage nevertheless, notably on the issues of abortion (a minefield, especially Diane Sawyer's "enforcement" question), school prayer, Social Security, and taxation. "After Mondale's warm victory glow passes," says a White House aide, "he will be faced with the charred remains of his campaign platform, especially higher taxes." As for the deficit, people still think it can be handled better by the Republicans. "The salesman must still sell his product. Mondale may have spit into the wind."

The cloud is not without other silver linings. Complacency has pervaded the Reagan campaign this year, and this debate has punctured the balloon. "Another plus," observes a prominent Republican senator, "is that the Reagan crew may start calling on some of their troops on the Hill. A lot of us are willing to suit up as soon as the bugle blows. When you're ahead twenty points, you don't need to ask for help. Now that'll change, and that's good for Reagan."

Everyone seems agreed on four things: 1) Mr. Reagan is a far better offensive player than a defensive one, and in this particular contest the challenger goes in with a ten- or 15-point advantage. 2) Mr. Reagan's political embarrassment (and its media hype) may propel him into an offensive for the October 21 Round Two. 3) Ninety minutes was too long a time to have consented to. 4) Mr. Reagan was overprogrammed.

Mondale's debating points on the Bushes' having paid 12 per cent income tax in '83 may come back to haunt him. As it turns out, when the Bushes' state and local taxes are added in, they paid a total of 33 per cent in taxes that year, ahead of the Mondales' 30 per cent. Also, Mr. Bush has one home in Kennebunkport, the family manse, which ties up about one-half of his $2.1 million, whereas G. Ferraro and J. Zaccaro have four homes, and a net worth (that we know about) of over $4 million. Call it a cheap shot.

A fresh whisper from the Washington rumor mill is that George Shultz may be asked by the President to take over the Fed from Paul Volcker next March. How plausible? "Why would Shultz want to give up the prestige of State for the harassment of the Fed?" asks a senior Reaganite. The President's request aside, because in terms of man-eating jobs, State is worse. "And if you want to be Machiavellian," says the Reaganite, "then you would argue that the first domino has to fall inside the White House, meaning, How does chief-of-staff Baker get to Treasury?" The first domino would be Shultz to the Fed; the second, Don Regan to State; the third, Baker to Treasury. "You've got to get inside everybody's head." A more direct route, of course, would be for Regan to go to the Fed, but at last word the Treasury Secretary says *nyet*. —CATO

Reagan's support is based solely on middle-class greed. "The idea of using government leverage to aid victims is out of fashion. It may return: These things go in cycles. But for now, the middle-class majority wants government looking out for middle-class interests, as it sees them. Don't call the politicians cynical. They are our representatives. And they reflect our values just as surely as Reagan does. If something smells, it's the 'I'm all right, Jack' philosophy most of us are living by these days." Now, the "middle class" has had about a trillion dollars of its income transferred to Mr. Mondale's constituencies since Lyndon Johnson declared war on poverty. The middle class has been bused. It has seen its offspring the victims of reverse discrimination in college admissions. The middle class does not think gay rights are marvelous. In fact, it is tired of seeing its symbols mocked by the Democratic Party from 1968 until someone discovered a supply of little American flags for this year's convention. We will file Mr. Broder's column under "The Return of the Repressed," but, meanwhile, how about laying off the American middle class?

☐ The drama at the Labour Party conference at Blackpool lay in the desperate efforts of party leader Neil Kinnock to control the further-left majority of the delegates, who passed one resolution after another of a law-breaking and anti-democratic character. Kinnock has described Arthur Scargill, the Marxist leader of the miners' union, as the nearest thing the Labour Party has to a World War I general, but Scargill had majority support at Blackpool. The conference passed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Unlovely Yuppie

A whirring razor shears his beard,
While, in the kitchen, coffee's geared
To settings made the night before;
Outside, the Volvo's set to roar,
Where, buckled up, he tools ahead
And stops where software's marketed.
He'll vote for Reagan's easy style
As long as he can make his pile.

W. H. VON DREELE

a resolution condemning the police, not the strikers, for the violence that has become a principal feature of the miners' strike. (Scargill, the delegates' hero, has defied a number of court orders.) The conference also passed a resolution stating that when Labour regained power the police would not have any role in industrial disputes, whatever the law says. This was too much for Neil Kinnock, who wants to be prime minister, and therefore cannot put too much distance between himself and the British people. He vowed that this last resolution "will not be in any program I put forward as party leader." It is a measure of the temper of the present Labour Party that Kinnock is being hailed as a moral hero for denouncing violence on both sides, police and strikers, it having taken courage not to denounce only police violence. Despite the strike and unemployment, Mrs. Thatcher retains a solid lead in the public-opinion polls. Scargill and Kinnock should meditate upon the Argentine generals.

☐ Andreas Papandreou, the heir of Pericles and Alexander, told the Greek parliament that KAL 007 "was carrying out a spy mission for the American CIA." But the plane was shot *down*—what kind of bunglers does Papandreou think the CIA is made up of? On the other hand, it did allow Papandreou to come to power.

☐ As if the poor Brookings Institution had not suffered enough indignities already, it is now coming under attack from the left. Writing in *The New Republic*, left-winger Robert Kuttner has denounced Brookings as a "conservative influence on the Democratic Party." The problem is that although the hearts of Brookings scholars may remain on the left, their minds are swayed by what Kuttner accurately views as the "deepening conservatism of neoclassical economists generally." This has led them to oppose industrial policy, support free trade, and (reluctantly) accept the need for restraint in social spending. Worst of all, the Brookings scholars have somehow gotten the notion that "too much equality harms efficiency." Kuttner thinks such views are not fit for the party of Walter Mondale, Jesse Jackson, and Geraldine Ferraro, and we are inclined to agree. So the Reagan coalition picks up yet another unlikely set of converts.

☐ Abolish boxing? The subject comes up again in the wake of Muhammad Ali's suspected brain damage from the thousands upon thousands of punches he absorbed during his career in the ring. Most recently, the American Academy of Neurology has joined Howard Cosell and James Jackson Kilpatrick in calling for the abolition of boxing. The easy answer is that it cannot be done. If boxing bouts are banned in the United States, they can be held in Iceland or on a barge in the Atlantic. Boxing no longer depends on a million-dollar gate, as in Dempsey-Carpentier days, but on TV money, millions of dollars of it. Talk of abolition is just feel-good rhetoric. That is the easy answer. The more complex answer is that it would be immoral to abolish boxing and thereby close the avenue of opportunity to people like Ali, who would never have become famous as a poet. A great fighter has the option of quitting the ring in time, as Tunney and Marciano did. Ali, Joe Louis, and many others stayed too long. But no one drafted them.

☐ It's practically a law of nature. Mondale made more gaffes; and Mondale won the debate.

☐ One theory is that they mixed up their cue cards in the coatroom.

☐ Another theory is that they stole each other's briefing books.

☐ We're putting Walter Mondale on notice. Enough slick showmanship. The American people want to talk about issues.

The Debate

FORENSICALLY, Walter Mondale turned in one of the better performances of his career. He looked like Frankenstein's monster and his voice could have unblocked a sink. But, aside from the handicaps that God gave him, he was terse, pointed, and aggressive without being disrespectful. Even a joke or two filtered through. Reagan made none of the dreaded gaffes, which may have been his problem: He kept recurring defensively to points—minutes and minutes on Social Security, for instance—in a manner that suggested overcoaching. Something certainly threw him off his stride; he rambled, stalled, and huffed nervously throughout the first half of the debate.

The deeper outlines of the debate followed the pattern of the campaign, and hence favored Reagan. He is running on his record, and it has been good—infla-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, interest rates, taxes, all down; unemployment, steady. Most Americans are better off than they were four years ago, and—an important refinement of his 1980 question, which will come in handy in the second, foreign-policy debate—America is better off than it was, Beirut notwithstanding.

Walter Mondale's only hope is to run against the prospect of future catastrophe. The harbinger of disaster that he limned in this debate was the deficit; indeed, he has been worrying about the deficit's size for three years. Tactically, it is a useful issue for him. Strategically, it is hopeless. The American people do not look to Democrats, certainly not to Democrats like Walter Mondale, to be pruners and belt-tighteners. That is historically the role of the Republican Party. The Democratic Party is the party of "compassion"—or of Santa Claus, depending on one's point of view. President Mondale would spend "revenue enhancements" as he has spent public money throughout his career: not to balance books, but to spread around more goodies. Mondale sits in the role of a good manager about as comfortably as a hooker in a church choir.

This suggests a corollary to Reagan's broad argument, which he exploited in the first debate only fitfully: Mondale also has a record. For over a decade, he was one of the most leftish members of the Senate. On weapons programs, on domestic spending, on social issues, on standing up to Communism—on question after question, vote after vote, Senator Mondale took the straight liberal line. He carried his habits into the Carter-Mondale Administration, and beyond (his reaction to Grenada was pure cream of wheat).

Presidential debates are not trials by ordeal, or Olympic competitions. They fit into a larger political context. In 1980, Ronald Reagan had to convince a large number of undecided voters that he was not the monster with hoofs and tail that President Carter had depicted. He did so, and reaped a landslide. This year, with a much smaller percentage having described themselves as on the fence, President Reagan must reassure voters that what they already know is true. He can afford to let up on the counterpunching. He has a record, and so does his opponent. Let him slow down and pick his own shots. Mondale can collect all the debating trophies he wants. They will be his only memories of the campaign.

IN THE STRETCH of debate that touched on religion and abortion Mondale pulled a fast one concerning one of his favorite bogeys, a Reagan Supreme Court. He spoke of judges "picked by Jerry Falwell," which is demagogic, but also traditional. Every politician has his specters. Nixon, in 1968, waved Ramsey Clark about; Mondale himself has gotten a lot of use out of James Watt.

But Mondale spoke twice of a "religious test" for justices, supposedly stipulated by the Republican Platform. This nonsense was skewered by one of Reagan's answers to an abortion question: The issue, he said, was not religious but constitutional.

Indeed it is. *Roe* v. *Wade*, quite simply, was a disgrace: an "exercise in raw judicial power," in the words of Justice White; "*not* constitutional law," in the words of Professor John Hart Ely, "and giv[ing] almost no sense of an obligation to try to be." A majority of nine old men simply willed it into existence, striking down in the process fifty state laws, including those which acknowledged Mondale's cherished hard cases, rape and incest. Well, if that judicial monstrosity is to be rectified, and if the correction is *not* to come from a constitutional amendment, then it will have to come by means of intelligent votes by intelligent judges. In which case it is relevant to know their opinion of the law. Right, Walter?

There He Goes Again

WALTER MONDALE must have left his fact-checkers at the airport when he flew to the Louisville debate. How else could he have come out with such whoppers as the following?

MONDALE: "The fact of it is, the President's budget sought to cut Social Security by 25 per cent. It's not an opinion—it's a fact."

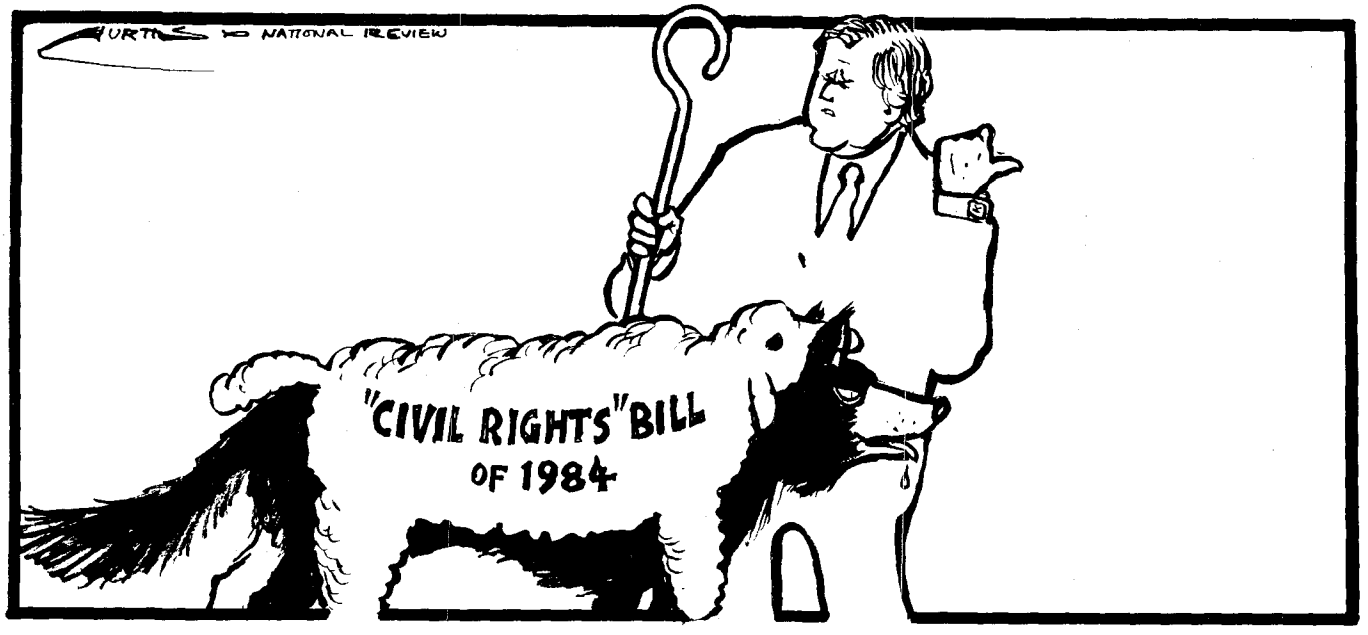
Well, actually, it's not a fact; it's an audacious distortion. The actual cut was more like 5 per cent, not 25 per cent. At the time of the Reagan proposal, *Facts on File* reported that "The only change for the 36 million beneficiaries currently receiving Social Security payments would be that the Reagan system would have cost-of-living increases delayed three months." It added that "for those [future recipients] retiring by age 65, there would be no difference in monthly payments under the Reagan plan or the current system, at first." After six years, new retirees would undergo a cut in benefits, but of less than 10 per cent.

MONDALE: "I have proposed over $100 billion in cuts in federal spending over four years. But I am not going to cut it out of Social Security and Medicare."

One hundred billion dollars sounds like a lot, but spread over four years it amounts to $25 billion a year, less than a tenth of the deficit, and mostly coming out of national defense. But some of it would be cut from Medicare, contrary to Mondale's assertion. Twenty-one billion dollars would come from a package including hospital cost controls that all objective observers agree would curtail the services Medicare recipients get.

MONDALE: "In my opinion, as we deal with this deficit, people from about $70,000 a year on down have to be dealt with very, very carefully, because they are the ones who didn't get any relief the first time around."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This one is really brazen. People with incomes under $70,000 got most of the benefit from the Reagan tax cuts, which in fact shifted income-tax payments sharply from poorer to richer taxpayers (see "Some Pop Theory," *NR*, October 19). What Mondale is apparently doing is lumping the Reagan income-tax cut together with the Carter Social Security tax hike, which hit the lower brackets hardest. Carter/Mondale takes away; Reagan/Bush gives back; and candidate Mondale beats his breast about the unfairness to the average taxpayer.

How can Mondale get away with these sorts of statements? When is someone going to call him on the facts?

Italian Men

When Geraldine Ferraro made her ill-starred quip about "Italian men" early in the campaign, she caught a lot of flak from Italian-American organizations. We're starting to think she had some excuse: She and her husband appear to be surrounded by a somewhat unrepresentative sampling of male Italian-Americans.

—Michael LaRosa, a convicted racketeer, was a longtime business associate of the P. Zaccaro real-estate company. He donated money to two of Mrs. Ferraro's campaigns.

—Aniello Dellacroce was a top figure in the Gambino crime family. He lived in a building that he rented from the Zaccaro company.

—Joseph LaForte, another Gambino biggie, now owns that building (Gerry Ferraro, acting as a lawyer, having managed the curious intermediate sale). John Zaccaro also manages another building he owns, which serves as a mob social club.

—Robert DiBernardo is a pornography distributor with links to both the Gambino family and that of Sam (The Plumber) DiCavalcante. He and his companies rent space from the Zaccaro company in a nearby building.

—Carmine Parisi, manager of Mrs. Ferraro's first campaign, was a close associate of the convicted racketeer Anthony Scotto, yet another Gambinista.

—William P. Masselli has just been indicted along with Labor Secretary Raymond Donovan. He has a long record of kidnapping, truck hijacking, robbery, and related pursuits, but in a civic-minded moment he gave the maximum legal donation of $1,000 to a Ferraro campaign.

But the man who has probably done more than any other to shape Gerry Ferraro's ethnic stereotype is John Zaccaro himself. Mr. Zaccaro has lately been questioned about mismanaging a widow's estate, participating in a poverty-program swindle, and securing an improper $500,000 loan through a credit union.

Let's not overgeneralize. But we think Gerry Ferraro's business life would make a better movie than Ed Meese's cufflinks. The media, alas, seem to disagree.

Not Too Fair, Please

The *Washington Post* reports that the "fairness" issue has lost its potency. "The issue that cut through the electorate like a laser beam in recession days is today far more diffuse, thanks in part to the economic recovery," say Milton Coleman and David Broder. "For some erstwhile Democrats, it has even become another reason to vote for Reagan."

One Wisconsin housewife is quoted as saying: "Basically, I'm going to vote for Reagan because now I'm one of the 'haves' and he's gonna take a little less from me and give a little less to some of the people

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who don't have. . . . A lot of people who are poor are poor through no fault of their own. But unfortunately, Mondale's going to give my money to everybody, whether they're down and out because they're lazy or because they're not."

Voters have learned to decode the liberal doubletalk. "Fairness" no longer means fairness, they understand: It means "my money." Walter Mondale's references to "the most vulnerable" aren't taken at face value: The electorate hears them, in a sort of simultaneous translation, as pledges of an indiscriminate politics of redistribution.

In the same issue, the *Post* carries a commentary by a pair of left-wing economists who complain: "At present, the expansion of government is carried on behind a smokescreen of free-enterprise rhetoric that confuses the public and makes rational decision-making impossible." They'd prefer frank socialism. But in this country socialism can only advance behind the smokescreen, of which the rhetoric of "fairness" is part. After all, even capitalists believe in fairness.

But the public has caught on to the semantic ploys, at least at the functional level. The Wisconsin housewife may not know that Walter Mondale has a lifetime approval rating of 95 per cent from Americans for Democratic Action, but she knows what he's going to do to her earnings if he gets a chance. Moderation in the pursuit of "fairness" is no vice.

The Predictions About Nicaragua

NICARAGUA IS an easy one to call. We are not normally prone to prophecy, but this time the odds of success are so overwhelming that we will venture three predictions.

First, on October 15, the day this issue appears on the newsstands, the United States will not invade Nicaragua. Nicaraguan leader Daniel Ortega has formally declared before the United Nations General Assembly that Washington is planning an invasion on that day. Ortega's obvious motivation is to have yet one more excuse for cracking down at home just prior to the Nicaraguan election scheduled for November 4. Ortega does deserve credit, however, for one almost unbelievable achievement: He has managed to set a new record for the level of sheer hypocritical drivel solemnly offered to the UN General Assembly. Not even Ortega's friends in the Socialist International take him seriously on this one.

Second, we predict that in the November 4 election, the Sandinistas will win an overwhelming, landslide victory. Given that all serious opposition parties are boycotting the election or have been hamstrung by a technical and legal morass created specially for them—not to mention by press censorship and police harassment—this prediction was not all that difficult. The next time an election is held in the USSR, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania, East Germany, Hungary, Vietnam, or Cuba, we will also be willing to make detailed predictions, if anyone is interested.

Final prediction: The Sandinista victory will be followed by a chorus of voices from liberal congressmen and media spokesmen explaining all the reasons why we should accept the results, "rethink our assumptions" about Nicaragua, and negotiate our differences with the Sandinistas (i.e., determine how much economic aid we will give them). The same individuals who were aghast at small "irregularities" during the election of Duarte in El Salvador will minimize any problems noticed in Nicaragua, probably blaming them on the United States.

We may be wrong, of course. The United States may indeed invade Nicaragua on October 15, only to be repulsed by the bravery of a liberated people. The Sandinistas may reveal their true colors as Jeffersonian democrats, postpone the election in order to give the opposition time to organize, and graciously accept the verdict of the polls. Ron Dellums and Tom Wicker may issue a joint statement deploring the irregularities of the Nicaraguan election and asking why the government in Managua cannot learn from the example of San Salvador. The temperature in Hades may drop below zero degrees centigrade.

Campaigning with Lane Kirkland

Some skulk away when twilight falls,
  While others, more direct,
Discard their kits in union halls,
  Then brazenly defect.
Not since Napoleon withdrew
  And took his Russian lumps
Has any leader looked as blue
  As Kirkland when he stumps.

W. H. VON DREELE

A World-Historical Presence

THE CHURCH'S mission to North America began in Canada 369 years ago, in Quebec. Its early history was one of ministering to both Indian and European. Its survival after British conquest of the French in 1759 seemed to some a miracle. And the first-ever visit of a pope to Canada reaffirmed that history, vitality, and mission in a nation that has aged, grown, and changed, but still shows its scars and roots.

What Pope John Paul II showed on his tour was his application of a charismatic style which in Canada has historically been part of the Protestant evangelical

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tradition, rather than a component of Catholicism. Although his English has a heavy Slavic accent that got in the way of the message, his French has a curious power. Knowing that the Church in Canada is among the most liberal in the world, he faced it head-on, calling for a return to traditional doctrines of faith and morals while, unfortunately, lending support to the sentimental left-wing economics of some of the more prominent bishops.

Although most Canadians would prefer not to think too much about the country's Indians, the Pope left no doubt that the race which drew the missionaries and martyrs from France still rates the concern of the Church. At one meeting with them he was given a fur robe, which he wore. By that symbolic act he showed his sympathy for the Indian trappers and perhaps rebuked those environmentalists who want to boycott Canadian furs.

His itinerary covered the vast land in average travel of six hundred miles a day, the longest tour in time and distance of any papal trip. By the end of that exhausting schedule, he had forcibly reminded all Canadians that theirs was a sprawling, complicated nation founded on faith.

The Queen arrived a week later, and for once a Royal Visit seemed a small-scale event.

Latin America Watch

THE POL POT-IST "Shining Path" terrorists continue to plague Peru. They have bombed factories, power stations and schools; they have assassinated civil servants; and they have forced the cancellation of parades celebrating national holidays. Peruvian President Fernando Belaunde Terry charges that the Shining Path group is receiving substantial external assistance, citing its top-of-the-line weaponry. Soviet direction of the fiercely independent terrorists is by no means established, but the Soviets now have three hundred military advisors in Lima. Why? That's more military advisors in one city than the U.S. has in all Latin America. . . . The Sandinista campaign against the black market has failed in the face of outrageous shortages in the official supply of milk, cooking oil, soap, and toilet paper. At Eastern Market in Managua, crowds stand in line to buy food even at ten times government prices. The most available item these days is Soviet children's cereal. . . . Meanwhile, the Sandinistas were shocked by a strike by one of their own unions, workers at a government-owned brewery. Interior Minister Tomás Borge made a special trip to Poland to learn various techniques honed by experience in case Sandinista union problems get out of hand. . . . Inflation in debt-ridden Bolivia is now over 1,000 per cent. Adding to the problem, the largest bill is a 1,000-peso note, worth roughly seven cents on the black market. In urban markets, money is no longer counted; it is weighed. Currently, a pound of money is worth a pound of tomatoes. . . . The Grenadian elections have been set for December 3, and State Department officials are worried about the outcome. A recent poll shows former Prime Minister Eric Gairy's corrupt political machine carrying nine out of the 15 constituencies. Meanwhile, Herbert Blaize's Grenada National Party, supported by the U.S. and most of Grenada's Caribbean neighbors, is threatened by internal strife. . . . The Sandinista quote of the week comes from former terrorist Nora Astorga, thrice married, now single mother of five, in *Mother Jones* magazine: "With a revolution and kids, it's hard to find time for a husband."

Free Teresa Polenz

LAST SPRING, Teresa Polenz, a Dartmouth freshman and reporter for the feisty *Dartmouth Review*, attended a meeting of the Dartmouth Gay Students' Association with a tape recorder in her handbag. In the entirely sober article she subsequently wrote, she mentioned the names only of the GSA officers, which are a matter of public record. The GSA meeting had been advertised publicly, and it took place on college property. The organization is funded by the college, i.e., in part by Teresa Polenz's own tuition money. There were no particular scandals at the meeting, except that heterosexuals were referred to as "perverts."

But all hell broke loose. The college initially moved to bring Teresa Polenz before its disciplinary committee, but backed off when the New Hampshire attorney general—and this is a genuinely remarkable political development—moved to prosecute her under a New Hampshire wiretapping statute. After a four-month investigation—the attorney general's office describes it as an "exhaustive review"—the state has dropped the case. In point of fact, according to Miss Polenz's attorney, Laurence Silberman, former U.S. Deputy Attorney General, the prosecution never had a chance. The statute is so broadly drawn that it is probably unconstitutional; its intent was to prevent the record-

---

If

If you can see a storm, while all about you
The sunshine gives constituents a tan;
If you're a Dr. Gloom, while your opponent
Says, like the little train, "I think I can";
If disinflation triggers nervous stomach
And falling unemployment makes you foam,
Then you must be the Fritz from Minnesota
Who wishes he'd left Geraldine at home.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing of conversations among prison inmates; and it has no application to the Polenz case. Why the state attorney general wasted the taxpayers' money in this feckless enterprise remains an interesting question, to be further explored.

The whole episode possesses large implications. Teresa Polenz was challenging the symbolic legitimacy of college funding for a gay support group. She also believed that she had every right to attend a meeting on college property and, as a journalist, to report on it. The Dartmouth faculty apparently disagreed, voting overwhelmingly to condemn the *Review* in the wake of the Polenz affair. At the heart of the matter is the issue of the status of "gayness." The Left position appears to be that homosexuality is just an alternative sexual style, certainly no worse than "straight" preferences. Indeed, the homosexual, having qualified for Victim Status, is privileged. The faculty vote reflects that ideology.

The climb-down of the New Hampshire attorney general puts the ball back in the court of the Dartmouth administration. It is under faculty pressure to move against Miss Polenz through its disciplinary arm, but she does not appear to have broken any college regulations. The faculty Left would like to throw her out of school, but on freedom-of-the-press grounds she has the support of, for example, the American Civil Liberties Union.

The Gay Students' Association should meet in a private house. But that is precisely what they do not want to do. They want secret meetings and maximum public legitimacy.

Ellsworth Bunker, R I P

A SERENE DEATH at age ninety, after years of devoted, honorable service, is not a tragedy but a triumph. Ellsworth Bunker's life itself was a long triumph of devotion over pettiness and partisanship.

His diplomatic assignments—all undertaken after age 57—were all controversial, including ambassadorships to Argentina, Italy, India, and Vietnam, plus the task of negotiating settlements of crises in Indonesia, the Dominican Republic, and Panama. Despite criticism he never wavered, because he always aimed at a constant polestar—to serve his country. Like Stephen Decatur, he proudly proclaimed, "Our country . . . may she always be in the right; but our country right or wrong." He struggled to ensure that his country would be right, but he did not believe he had to perfect it before he could serve it.

A Democrat, Bunker was able to serve seven Presidents of both parties, apparently devoid of the fierce partisanship of Averell Harriman.

In war he believed in forthright decision rather than crab-like incrementalism. He believed the U.S. was right in trying to prevent North Vietnam's conquest of the South even though he knew that the total failure of the neutralization of Laos, negotiated with Moscow by Harriman in 1962, left South Vietnam wide open to Hanoi's aggression. Accordingly, he argued that U.S. forces should bar invasion from the North rather than getting mired down in guerrilla fighting in the South. His advice was not taken, but later he supported his country in withdrawing behind the shield of Vietnamization, which he believed would have worked but for Watergate.

He was appalled by the howling dissent of some Americans during his country's hour of travail, but he retained his sense of balance even as others lost theirs. Bunker will not be present at the trial now commencing of the suit brought by General William Westmoreland against CBS, but his depositions will help to establish the truth. He was a gentleman and a patriot and he served his country well.

—NORMAN B. HANNAH

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Memo to: WFB
From: Joe Sobran

Dear Bill:

Tom Bethell and I have had such an encouraging response to "A Student's Guide to Meaningful Dialogue" [Sept. 21] that we're thinking of expanding it to a more ambitious scale. It is high time the nation's store of reference books included a good liberal's guide to what to say on all occasions. After all, even those who read *New York Times* editorials every morning may sometimes draw a blank when they're on their own.

Gathering the entire arsenal of current liberal stock phrases is a task that calls for a large team of researchers. Unfortunately, we simply can't afford that. We're already conscious of several serious omissions in our list. May we ask *NR*'s readers to help us by suggesting clichés we've overlooked? Given their performance in the oxymoron sweepstakes, we do not doubt of their wit and generosity. They can write to me at *NR*.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have long reflected on just what it is that I would rather do than practice late-life sloth. Ah yes, if I had my druthers I would labor long in the vineyards of the wordsmith devoting all of my time to the composition of apt metaphors for the exclusive use of my many beloved conservative authors who frolic about your masthead. This, solely to send them home at an earlier hour to their wives and children.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fondly, I visualize my nightly furtive dashes up and down the halls of 150 East 35th Street, and my vertical leaps to the high transoms. My delicious fantasy has a Brookhiser or a Sobran dashing up the stairs at an early hour breathlessly anticipating the nightly offerings of the "Phantom of the Halls" . . . or whatever.

Below is the Phantom's first offering. Surely you can find a topical use for it?

"Scumlord"

Please advise the staff to leave the transoms slightly ajar, in future, for even I do not know when I shall strike again.

There is love here.

Sincerely yours,
Bob Dean
Tampa, Fla.

Dear Mr. Dean: There had better be. Cordially,
WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You will not, I think, want to miss the reference to NATIONAL REVIEW by our local legislator. Herewith the *Port Arthur News* story:

"AUSTIN (UPI)—State Representative Senfronia Thompson (D., Houston) Wednesday challenged a Texas House committee's decision to refuse to pay for her subscription to *Mother Jones* magazine because of the publication's 'political nature.' . . .

"Thompson noted the House already pays for subscriptions to such publications as *The Texas Observer*, *Inside Texas*, *The New Right Report*, *Public Monitor Report*, and *The New Republic*.

" 'Besides the precedent of newspapers of a political nature being received by state officials at taxpayers' expense, it is my understanding that several representatives are allowed to subscribe to the blatantly political NATIONAL REVIEW, a fanatical right-wing propaganda magazine,' Thompson said."

Sincerely,
Karl Maher
Port Arthur, Tex.

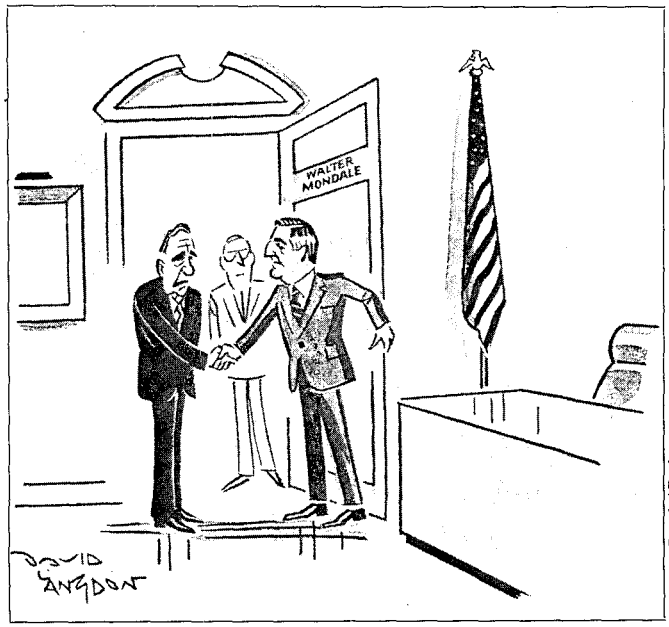
Dear Mr. Maher: Senfronia Thompson underestimates us. NATIONAL REVIEW is not a blatantly political fanatical right-wing propaganda magazine, we are a blatantly political fanatical right-wing propaganda inquisitorial coup d'état whose time has come! Let the dissenters beware! Read all about it in *Mother Jones*.
Cordially,
WFB

☐ Dear Bill:

I write for NATIONAL REVIEW usually about Mexico, but I should not want to deprive your readers of the singular intelligence I have recently come upon.

My sources in Ouagadougou say that the natives are annoyed by the change in the name of their country from Upper Volta to Bourkina Fasso. They feel that if something just had to have a name change it should have been Ouagadougou. Now things are more complicated than ever: What is a former Upper Voltan to call himself? A Bourkina Fassoan, for goshsakes? Your readers are cordially invited to join me in worrying about this, if they have nothing more pressing to do just now.

Cordially,
George [Byram Lake]
Mexico City, D.F.
Mexico



Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"I'd wish you good luck, if it weren't for our policy of not interfering in the internal affairs of other countries."

☐
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Bill:

Bad news for Friedman.

Yours faithfully,
Ken
[John Kenneth Galbraith]

[Enclosure] From classified-ad department, *New Statesman*, August 17, 1984:

"TALL ECONOMIST, WIDOW (39), seeks Galbraith lookalike and/or thinkalike; Schumacher possible, Friedman never. Characters sought for new chapter based in London. Box 9040."

Dear Ken: If the idea is to write a new chapter in your œuvre, count me in as helpmate. Galbraith lookalike, that's hard. Thinkalike . . . How about Mother Bloor? Shall I contact her? Advise. Cordially,
Bill

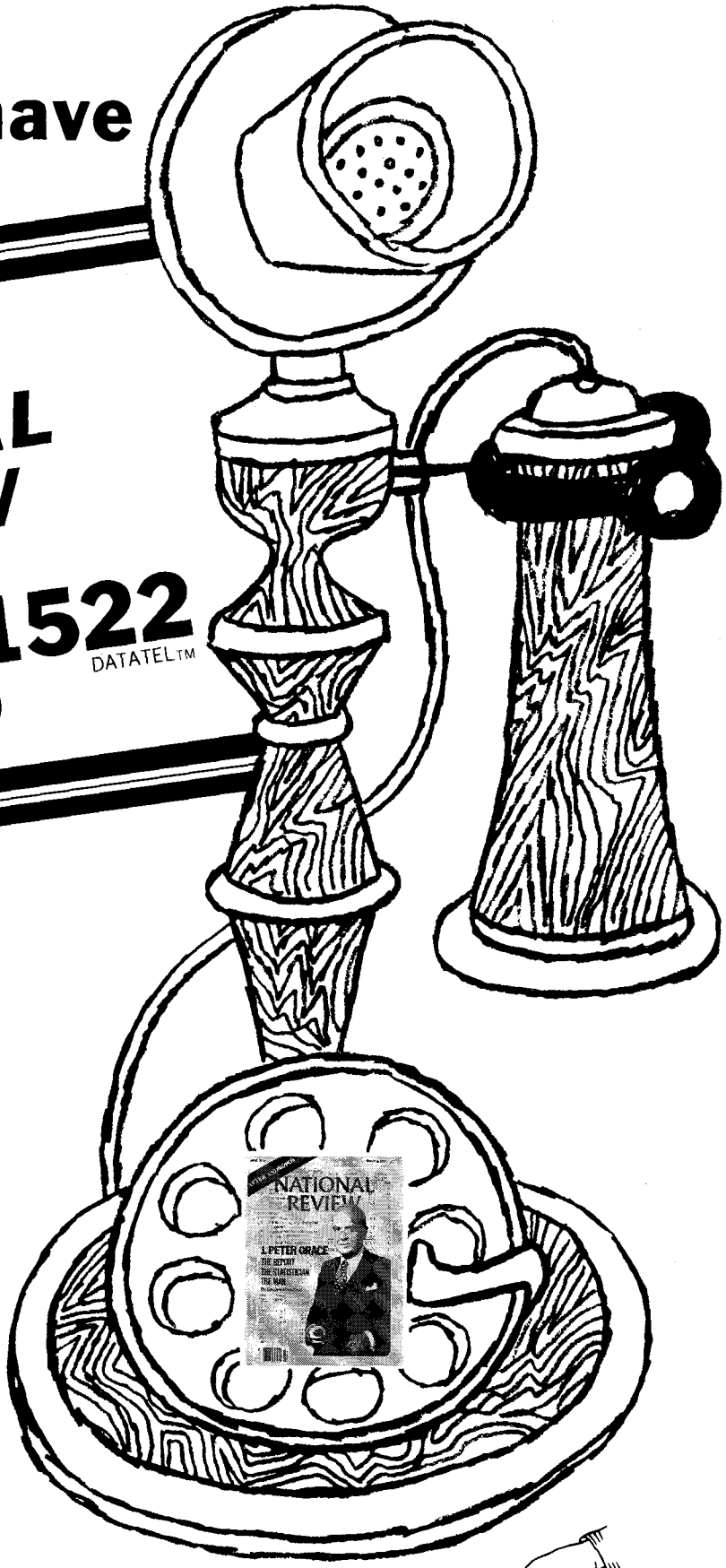
—WFB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW all you have to do to

GIVE NATIONAL REVIEW IS DIAL 800-341-1522 (Toll Free)

DATATEL™



That's right. To make it easier for you to give full-year gift subscriptions of NR (and who wouldn't appreciate such a flattering gift?) we're providing this new dial-a-gift service at no cost to you—just pick up the phone today and order as many gifts as you want (don't forget the students you care about) at our special gift rate of just $23 each. (We'll pay for the call and all postage and handling, and bill you later—quite a bargain.)

NR makes an ideal gift for hard-to-please people—it's a year-long reminder of your interest (not to mention an indication that you think they are interesting people too). Again, don't forget the young people you care about: conservative ideas are back in style on the campus, so NR should be doubly welcome now.

So pick up the phone and dial that toll-free number.

You can use it to place your personal order any time from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. (Eastern Standard Time). All gifts just $23 each, for which we'll bill you later.

N.B. *This special number is for gifts only; our operators cannot handle any other business, queries, etc. If the line is busy, wait a few minutes and call again. We're waiting to hear from you.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAGAN'S SECOND-TERM CABINET

"OUR YEAR for action is '85, not '86." That's what the President is telling his staff these days. As soon as the people start recalling that the election is over, Mr. Reagan says, they'll begin thinking about the '88 race, and the off-year elections of '86. The press will hype it, and Reagan will be a dead duck before he's even a lame duck. The mandate momentum —all the stronger if the win is big— has got to be exploited fast and early. That's the message circulating around the White House, and it's coming right from the top.

Another reason for a quick and intense '85 strike is the '86 Senate situation. Thirty-four seats will be up, 22 Republican, 12 Democratic. Sixteen of those Republicans are freshmen who, by definition, have shallow political roots. As '85 and '86 roll in, these senators may have to trim a bit to get re-elected, perhaps separating themselves from the President, notably those senators from liberal Democratic states like Wisconsin (Bob Kasten). "We've got to assume that the Republicans will take a bath in '86," says a Reagan campaign operative. "But if we can hold the Democrats to gains of two or fewer seats in '84, the chances of a Democratic repossession of the Senate in '86 will drop to fifty-fifty."

The dominant target of Reagan's first one hundred days will be spending reduction. Dave Stockman's people at OMB have their paring knives out, and are working now through different layers of program funding. "Stockman's got to take all the spending cuts that the White House wants, pack them into a legislative cylinder, strap it to the big mandate, and ram it, jam it to the Hill, and right away," says a Republican senator, "including entitlements."

"All things wait on the legislative mandate," observes a White House insider, "including personnel shifts." Journalists are told to "keep your powder dry," and don't predict too many Cabinet switches. Presumably, Jim Baker, chief-of-staff, and Dave Stockman will both remain in place until the budget is pushed through, the assumption (fair enough) being that no one can work the Hill like Baker, and no one can do the numbers like Stockman.

But the second term will eventually see personnel changes. When Baker does move out of the White House, two candidates are front-runners for his post, Assistant to the President Mike Deaver and Interior Secretary Bill Clark (with Drew Lewis a few lengths behind but not out of sight). "If Deaver wants it, he's got it," observes a highly placed White House insider. In that case Judge Clark would either stay at Interior or, in the unlikely event that Bill Casey quits the CIA, move over there.

AT STATE, signals are mixed. Earlier this year George Shultz (who enjoys the total confidence of the President and is a conscientious team player) made no bones about being fed up with taking the blame for the Marine massacre in Beirut. This coupled with fatigue led Shultz to tell associates that he would tender his resignation at the end of this first term, and the word leaked. Whereupon friends advised Shultz that he was killing his effectiveness both on the Hill and abroad. So Shultz reversed his field and began putting out the word that he wants to stay indefinitely. The truth of the matter is that he is tired and wants out.

Remarkably, the name most often heard around town to replace Shultz is that of Howard Baker, whose reputation as a crack conciliator and total team-player has endeared him both to the President and the White House staff. Shultz himself is floating the name of Treasury Secretary Donald Regan for State, but this appointment seems a dark-horse gamble at best. Left to his druthers, Cap Weinberger would like to leave Defense and take over State, but he is thought to be too spent for another killer job; in which case, he'll stay on at Defense for a while. Also intermittently rumored for State is UN Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, but the President is said to be considering another job for her.

At the National Security Council, the word is that Bud MacFarlane is weary and would jump at the chance of becoming ambassador to Israel. Enter Madame Kirkpatrick. "Besides her first-rate UN performance, Mrs. Kirkpatrick's convention speech in Dallas helped her immeasurably," says a White House insider. "No question the President would lean heavily in her direction if Bud leaves." At Defense, a major tussle is developing—no mere sortie from the castle, but a full-scale attack with horsemen, foot soldiers, and artillery. Apparently, Defense was all but promised to John Tower, who announced last year he would resign his Texas seat at the end of his term in January. "But the President has not committed himself to Tower, I can assure you," says a White House aide. While Tower is a solid hardliner and extremely knowledgeable on defense, he has not excelled at team-playing with the White House and on the Hill, a *sine qua non* Reagan requirement. Ed Meese, by the way, continues to re-gather his power, as it becomes clear that he will get the AG post at Justice, with Senate confirmation in early '85. First one-hundred-days' ambassador assignments? Margaret Heckler of HHS, Sam Pierce of HUD, and Terrel Bell of Education.

The campaigning for Cabinet posts may peak before November 6, but the decisions will come later—"New Year's Eve at Palm Springs—that's when Dutch will give the final nods," says a White House aide. Fair enough: fresh starts for a fresh term. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOP SMOKING IN ½ HOUR FLAT

Even Though You Really Don't Want To Quit!

That was me. A pigheaded, "didn't want to quit", die-hard smoker. Trapped in an aggravating love-affair—with cigarettes.

Openly, I cursed their choking grip on me. Inwardly, I was totally unwilling to do anything else but puff away. Your typical chain-smoker wildly raving about kicking the habit—*and not meaning one single word.*

It was a joke. Unfortunately, the laugh was on me. The grim warnings of the Surgeon General, the American Cancer Society, and my worried doctor all went in one ear and out the other. My tobacco addiction was like a runaway train. Completely out of control and destined for disaster. *Unstoppable!*

Me give up smoking? Better ask for my right arm!

Every so often, I would make a good old college try at quitting cold turkey. Before you could say "Jack Robinson", there I'd be. Frantically scrounging in the garbage for soggy butts. As usual, my good intentions went up in smoke. I was hooked—*again.*

Who was I kidding? Smoking was an undeniable necessity. Super-important to my daily life. How I enjoyed that first eye-opening drag in the morning—that satisfying end-of-the-meal lighting up—that nerve-settling inhalation when things got hectic. Me give up all these irreplaceable pleasures? Better ask for my right arm!

Cancer or no cancer, doctor or no doctor, I loved smoking much too much to ever stop. But one day, I discovered a secret that turned my burning passion into red-hot hate. A secret that set me free in just 30 minutes flat. *Not a single cigarette in 20 years!*

Freed me in 30 minutes! Not a cigarette in 20 years!

My smoking is past-history. Gone without hypnosis, behavior modification, pills, drugs, classroom courses, nail-biting, will-power or climbing the walls. Gone without such games as switching brands, chewing gum, fake candy, diary-keeping or saving dirty stubs in a messy jar.

Gone, too, without gaining an extra ounce. Matter of fact, my wife says that I even lost a couple of pounds. And I never felt better.

Running into an old buddy brought back memories of those "didn't want to quit" days. This 3-packs-a-dayer had tried everything but still couldn't stop. He begged me to outline the details of my remarkable secret.

That night, I wrote it out in plain, step-by-step language anyone could understand and mailed him a copy. After it did the trick for my buddy, he told some of his friends. Soon, I was hunted out by pleading strangers for the same "Stop Smoking Secret."

If you can lick a stamp, you can lick your cigarette habit just as I—and they—did. I know what it's like to have that compelling urge to light up. And I know what it's like to be able to smilingly pass it by without pangs of yearning.

What's more, I know that you can honestly and truly stop smoking for keeps in half an hour flat—even if it's the last thing in the world you'd rather do. All for a ten dollar bill.

©MCMLXXXIV Stop Smoking Co.,
49 West 37th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018

Simply send for my "Stop Smoking Secret" and read it. Yes, it's as easy as that. Just *read* it. I can't tell *how* it works. It just *does*. I guarantee it, with no strings attached.

Guaranteed to work— or your next pack's on me!

If you ever start smoking again after reading my secret—and I mean *ever*—you haven't lost any money. Merely return it for a full, every-penny-back refund plus $1 extra for a pack of cigarettes! *My treat!*

OK. I know exactly what's running through your mind. Even with my foolproof, risk-free, money-back plus guarantee, you're still looking for a way to get out of sending for my secret. You can't fool me. It's not the money. You'll pocket 100 times your investment in cigarette savings alone. The bottom line is this: You really don't want to quit—*and you'll do anything to avoid it.*

But just this once, listen to that little voice inside your head. Just this once give in to your common sense and give my secret a "look." Watch it automatically work for you in the only way that counts. Permanent no smoking! *Or your next pack's on me!*

Stop Smoking Co.
49 West 37th St., Dept. SS-33
New York, N.Y. 10018

OK—I'll take a risk-free look. Here's my $10. Rush the "Stop Smoking Secret." If I ever start smoking again, I can return it for $11 refund. (That's $10 back plus $1 extra for a pack of cigarettes—*GUARANTEED*!)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRISTIAN CAPITAL

MECHANICAL, oft-repeated phrases such as "the evils done in the name of religion" (mention Inquisition, Crusades) may have prevented us from seeing what cannot be done without religion. Certainly property rights, the foundation stone of all functioning economies, depend on the prior establishment of a moral order and perhaps a Christian moral order as well.

"Any society without a Christian foundation is likely to allow coercion of the weak by the powerful, which results in sterility and poverty," said George Gilder, who was holding his six-month-old son, Richard, in the octagon addition to his house in the Berkshires. "You need to have a system that allows the last to be first." Only societies that protect property rights do this, because only in such societies does the small-holder enjoy the same rights and protections as the lordly. And only in societies where there is a general recognition that everyone is equal in the sight of God are the police powers that are needed to protect property not used to despoil it.

Gilder was about to go on tour to promote his new book, *The Spirit of Enterprise*. When his best-selling book *Wealth and Poverty* was published in 1981, he was immediately criticized (from both right and left) for suggesting that the tremendous effort needed to make something new and valuable took faith, not avarice. And he expected that he would once again be criticized for repeating in his new book the connection between entrepreneurship and a belief in a providential order. In fact he already had been, in a pre-publication-day assault in *Business Week*.

The Spirit of Enterprise tells the story of a dozen or so entrepreneurs whose lives and achievements exemplify the supply-side ideas that were set forth more theoretically in *Wealth and Poverty*. Gilder said he was "in awe" of these people. "They work 16 hours a day, devoting their lives to some project that is universally believed to be impossible," he said. "They are willing to fail, willing to give up everything to pursue an idea, willing to sacrifice all immediate gratification, willing to practice what amounts to a kind of self-annihilation. And I don't believe that greed or self-interest or narrow scientific calculation can explain that kind of behavior."

One of the heroes of his book is J. R. Simplot, an Idaho potato farmer who started with nothing and ended up supplying McDonald's with French fries. Then, at the age of seventy, he plunged unexpectedly into the semiconductor adventure, underwriting Micron Technology. This small company developed a microprocessor that had stumped the Japanese and was thought to be impossible without industrial-policy-sized investment and expertise to match. "All greed formulas would have had Simplot retire and revel in his riches before he did that," Gilder said.

Heroic Efforts

BECAUSE WE can see that our own first efforts are elicited by the need to feed ourselves, and are therefore self-interested, we assume that this accounts for all economic effort. "But you need something else to explain heroic effort," Gilder said. And whatever this is, it has something to do with an optimistic view of the world, a world that is "not stacked against one," but is "open, hospitable and providential." This contrasts with the materialistic (atheistic) world view in which wealth equals "resources," which have limits, and which therefore need careful planning and equal divvying up. If there is no such control and distribution then someone will get more than his fair share—through luck or greed. (And since there is no afterlife in which everyone gets his just deserts, justice must be imposed forcibly here and now; hence the egalitarian ideology of the socialist.)

What about those entrepreneurs, then? Are they regular churchgoers? Slight awkwardness there. "I wish those people in Silicon Valley did go to church more," Gilder said. "Frankly, I'd hoped to find more religion out there than I did." Simplot believes in God at least, even if he's not to be found leading the choir on a regular basis. Gilder is satisfied, nonetheless, that there is at least in the United States an accumulated "capital" of Christianity that such people benefit from, and contribute to, even if they don't know it.

Evidently Islamic societies do not permit the establishment of property rights and economic growth. But then Islam appears not so much to share truth with Christianity as to be rooted in antagonism against it: an organized Christian heresy. Likewise Communism festers and property rights eventually may be totally overthrown in societies where the Christian promise fails to bear fruit.

What about the Far East? Gilder recently returned from a trip to Japan. "I think that Christianity is true, and is absolute truth," he said. "But other religions are going to overlap with that truth." Gilder noticed that the Japanese equivalent of the Gideon Society had placed in hotel rooms a book containing the sayings of Confucius, many of which strongly resemble Christ's.

"Religion is the way individuals apprehend the foundations of life and truth," Gilder concluded. "If you believe in God it's absurd to believe that the primary activity of human beings —their working lives—is somehow exempt from religious influence. So to say that entrepreneurship is a form of religious experience doesn't entirely misrepresent my position." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We'd like to get you to become a regular subscriber—but maybe somebody else can do a better job of convincing you?

PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN SPEAKS ABOUT *NATIONAL REVIEW*

(The following are excerpts from the talk given by President Ronald Reagan when he attended the recent party to celebrate the opening of National Review*'s new Washington office.)*

"Today, we celebrate Washington's birthday, and I can't think of a more appropriate occasion to celebrate *National Review*'s heightened profile in the nation's capital. For if George Washington was the father of his country, NR has been the father of the American conservative intellectual movement. And it's only fitting, at a time when conservative issues and philosophy are finally setting the terms of debate in the halls of government, that NR has come to Washington in a big way. . . .

"Finally, I want to say just a word or two about your Editor, Bill Buckley. I've often thought, when I've been faced with memorandums from deep in the bowels of the bureaucracy, what I wouldn't give to have Bill as an interpreter. A fellow comes in, stands in front of your desk, hands you a memorandum, and he stays and waits there while you read it. And so you read. 'Action-oriented orchestration, innovation, inputs generated by escalation of meaningful, indigenous decision-making dialogue, focusing on multi-linked problem complexes, can maximize the vital thrust toward non-alienated and viable urban infrastructure.' I take a chance and say, 'Let's try busing.' And if he walks away, I know I guessed right.

"But I think you know that *National Review* is my favorite magazine. NR isn't my favorite only because it's fought the good fight so long and so well, although that would be reason enough. It's my favorite because it's splendidly written, brilliantly edited, and a pleasure to read.

"In fact, I honestly believe even if I were to suffer from mental illness or convert to liberalism for some other reason, NR would still be my favorite magazine because of its wit and its charm and the intellectual quality of its contents. . . .

"Let me just close by saying a heartfelt thank you to *National Review* for all you've done for the values we share and for sending reinforcements to Washington at just the right moment. I know that your heightened presence here will be an aid and inspiration to all of us in the movement in the years ahead. And just by being here you help make the nation's capital a little less of a puzzle palace and a little more like our town. So thank you. God bless you all."

Isn't it about time you *had your own subscription to* National Review*? Enter your introductory subscription now. Use the card facing this page and try NR at the special trial rate of 15 issues for only $14.95.* (National Review *could become* your *favorite magazine too!)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROMISE AND PROSPECT IN THE CHINAS

THE MOST anomalous of the world's Communist regimes is, without a doubt, the Chinese People's Republic.

I write this column pending the initialing in Peking, in the last few days of September, of a joint declaration that may, or may not, provide security for the five million or so inhabitants of Hong Kong, the unique "capitalist" enclave on the edge of the most populous country (and thus the most populous Communist country) in the world.

No apologies are needed for returning to this subject, which has profound implications for the future of the great systemic divide caused by Marxist speculation and Leninist expansionism. Let me first, however, list some of the anomalies of the Peking regime:

—The ruling Chinese Communist Party was of course one of the many parties set up all over the world by agents of Lenin's Comintern. The point is that, from the start, China was seen as yet another country to be guided along the road to Moscow-style Communism and eventual incorporation into the Bolshevik empire.

—Thinking to please Stalin, Li Li-san, who was senior to Mao in the Communist Party, tried to start a revolution in the cities, in line with Marxist orthodoxy; he failed miserably, and was called to Moscow and denounced as a heretic. In consequence, Mao decided to mobilize the peasantry—a profoundly heretical notion that nevertheless, at the end of a protracted struggle, gave him control over China.

—Although Stalin cold-shouldered Mao during World War II, it was Stalin who made it possible for Mao to defeat Chiang Kai-shek by his last-minute invasion of Manchuria. Thereupon, for ten years, Mao accepted satellite status for China.

—In the 1960s, Mao turned on his Soviet masters. The great Sino-Soviet rift is still there, unbridged. As for Maoism, eight years after Mao Tse-tung's death it lies in shreds. Twice, Mao had brought his gigantic country to desperate ruin: with the Great Leap Forward in the 1950s, and with the Cultural Revolution a decade later.

The conclusion I am trying to indicate, with this recapitulation of well-known events, is that in a curious way there is much less *reason* for China to be Communist than for the Soviet Union. Today, the leadership of the Chinese People's Republic, whatever lip service it may pay from time to time to the myths of Communism, is in certain vital senses profoundly un-Communist.

ABROAD, the regime appears to have shelved, if not abandoned, its Leninist drive. At home, the pragmatic and ancient Deng Xiaoping is busily "modernizing"—a euphemism for taking the capitalist road (which is what Mao charged him with attempting, and which brought him disgrace during the Cultural Revolution).

The Sino-British agreements on the future of Hong Kong are due to come into force after June 30, 1997. The unresolved but crucial question is whether, by then, 13 years hence, China will still be ruled by a recognizably Communist regime. If it still is, then I have to confess that I would not bet heavily on the survival of capitalist Hong Kong.

The rulers in Peking are of course fully aware of the paradoxes in this potentially tragic situation. They need Hong Kong, but only as it now is: industrious, successful, and the best begetter they have of hard foreign exchange. They do not need a stricken and deserted Hong Kong, bereft of its talents. How can they keep the go-getters where they are, except by making promises? Yet how can the anti-Communist people of Hong Kong be expected to trust such promises?

Right now, a vast purge of "leftists" (meaning unrepentant, unregenerate Maoists) is under way in China. Deng, at eighty, wants to purge the largest Communist Party in the world of those who wallowed in turmoil and destruction. But supposing he is successful, it will still be a Communist bureaucracy, and he will be dead. Or will "modernization" gather a momentum of its own, in time pressurizing the bureaucracy toward internal chaos and self-destruction?

In other words, will the China of 1997 be so transformed that bustling and successful Hong Kong, strong by its own example, will fit naturally into an entirely new habitat, in effect absorbing instead of being absorbed? Nor should that other bustling, successful China, not far off on Taiwan, ever be left out of the equation.

In the London *Times* the other day, Bernard Levin compared the impending fate of the people of Hong Kong with that of the "victims of Yalta" repatriated to their deaths in Stalin's Russia, and called for a massive international program of resettlement.

In this context, I draw the attention of *NR* readers to an outstandingly important, but hitherto unnoticed, biography entitled *Mao Tse-tung: The Man and the Myth*, by the late Eric Chou (Cassell, London, 1984), upon which all future Western judgments of that monstrous figure should henceforth be based.

FOR MY PART, I wish to thank the many readers who have sent me their good wishes in my recent illness and surgical attention. I should be around to see what really does happen in 1997. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STORY OF

radio free europe

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

Everyone has the right to seek, receive, and impart information and ideas through any media regardless of frontiers.
—Article 19, Universal Declaration of Human Rights

IT IS HARD to imagine what life would be like without Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty or other free-world broadcasters—such as Voice of America and the BBC—for the 380 million people residing east of the Iron Curtain. Whatever porosity exists today in that 67-year-old curtain (Churchill's metaphor was his dramatic recognition in 1946 of a revolutionary political life introduced by Lenin) is due to these broadcasters and the governments that support them. Without these stations, the Eastern European and Soviet peoples would be as hermetically sealed off from the rest of humanity as if they had been teleported to Uranus, to become the silent and invisible target of a SETI (Search for Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence) project, which in a figurative sense they have been for a long time.

RFE/RL, as well as VOA, the BBC, Deutsche Welle, Kol Israel, are the electronic lifeline between our world and theirs, as can be shown by the remarkable audience research findings ingeniously compiled from the rawest of data by members of their staffs. Of which more later.

RFE/RL, the two U.S.-financed radio stations, broadcast round-the-clock seven days a week in the 21 different languages spoken behind the Iron Curtain. In fact, RFE/RL have become *the* domestic radio service for tens of millions of people who would otherwise be totally dependent upon the "disinformation" policies of their Communist-controlled media. For it should be emphasized that the first target of Soviet disinformation is the home front. RFE/RL transmit not only in Russian and the Eastern European languages but also in the languages of one-half the Soviet people, many of whom either don't know Russian, refuse to learn it, or refuse to listen to Russian anything. The BBC and Deutsche Welle broadcast in English and German respectively, as well as in Russian. Kol Israel broadcasts in Hebrew, Yiddish, and Russian. These other broadcasters, including Voice of America, are not as strongly focused on domestic issues nor are they on an 18-hour-a-day schedule, which is necessary to span the many USSR time zones.

A measure of how effectively RFE/RL, headquartered in a former German military hospital in Munich, are performing their job, is that in a year of straitened congressional budget-cutting, RFE/RL have been voted increased funds for their broadcasting activities. Appropriations to upgrade the 46 transmitters located in Spain, Portugal, and West Germany are being considered. Moreover, new transmitter sites closer to the USSR, especially to Soviet Central Asia, are being sought to break through the jamming.

The most dramatic measure of RFE/RL effectiveness is the costly jamming of the broadcasts by the USSR and its satellites in order to maintain their information monopoly. At a cost of $300 to $500 million a year (three to five times the annual RFE/RL budget of $100 million), the USSR, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Bulgaria attempt to smother the broadcasts with persistent ear-piercing whines, whistles, and groans. Fortunately for the people who live in the Soviet sphere, for about three hours at sundown ionospheric conditions over Europe mysteriously change, creating a "twilight" immunity from jamming. And there is always one frequency kept unjammed for taping purposes, otherwise how would the Soviets know what RFE/RL were broadcasting? So the trick for a would-be listener in Moscow or Tbilisi is to twirl the dials of his shortwave receiver, a sort of electronic Russian roulette, looking for the clear channel, which the jammers shift from frequency to frequency. The jamming, however, seems to create a need to know what you are not supposed to know. RFE/RL try to meet that need by repeating their news and commentary broadcasts three and four times during a day over different frequencies to break through the Electronic Curtain. (For whatever reason, Hungary and Rumania do not interfere with the broadcasts.)

Recently Robert Gillette, the *Los Angeles Times* Moscow correspondent, described how a Muslim peasant woman, who had traveled by train a thousand miles from her town in Dagestan, on the western shore of the Caspian Sea, approached him in the parking lot of Moscow's International Press Center. She asked him to save her son from a ten-year prison sentence, which he was serving in a camp near Archangel, in the Arctic. (She knew Gillette was a foreign journalist by his auto license plate. Foreign correspondents are assigned bright yellow plates, an administrative stratagem to make KGB surveillance easier.) "You are

---

Mr. Beichman, a Visiting Scholar at the Hoover Institution, is the author of the just-published biography, Herman Wouk: The Novelist as Social Historian *(Transaction Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RFE/RL go right on doing one of the most essential jobs in the cold war, which most people know never stopped

our last hope," she told Gillette. "My neighbors say that I must speak to an American, and he can see to it that justice is done for my son."

"Encounters like this," wrote Gillette, "are a common occurrence in Moscow, particularly for foreign journalists, whose names become known across the country through Voice of America and Radio Liberty. Both U.S.-run stations translate Western news reports from Moscow into half a dozen Soviet languages and broadcast them back by shortwave to millions of listeners, some of whom seek out reporters to relate their own stories."

RFE/RL are especially proud of a photograph smuggled out of Poland in 1983 that showed Lech Walesa listening to his wife in Stockholm reading his acceptance speech for the Nobel Peace Prize. The speech was, of course, broadcast over RFE/RL facilities.

Still another measure of effectiveness is the amount of broadcasting time that the Soviet Union and the bloc countries devote to denunciations of RFE/RL transmissions. Obviously were the jamming effective, attacks on RFE/RL would be superfluous. For example, *Izvestia* published an article on July 10, 1984, by General Aleksei Epishev, chief of the Main Political Directorate of the Soviet army and navy, that disclosed Soviet concerns about the Western radios and what he called their "ideological aggression." He quotes President Chernenko's June 1983 warning about "attempts to organize a real information and propaganda intervention against us and to turn radio and television channels into an instrument of interference in states' internal affairs and of the execution of subversive acts."

Epishev listed what the scholarly *Soviet Analyst* called "Soviet areas of vulnerability," such as campaigns in defense of human rights, publicity about Poland's travail, and support for national self-determination. His article singled out RFE/RL as especially dangerous to the USSR because of their "inflammatory and hostile activity." Said Epishev:

> Fanning nationalist sentiments, Western radio stations persistently stress the "uniqueness" of their culture and customs, the "purity" of their language, and so forth. Alongside the preaching of nationalism, attempts to sow the poisonous seeds of religious fanaticism and to play on the feelings of believers for subversive purposes are being stepped up.

RL has its problems, which are less pressing today than they were several years ago when charges of anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic, or anti-democratic broadcasts were bandied about—and exaggerated out of all proportion to the easily available facts. Program content and interpretation of that content can lead to confrontations between staff members of different Soviet or Eastern European nationalities or between RFE/RL executives and certain staff members. Such troubles are not unexpected. A former State Department official once said that involvement in émigré politics is like walking through a minefield. Another official who knows the problems of Radio Liberty said, "Everybody in Munich has a monkey on his back—it's only a question of the size of the monkey." Munich, as one observer put it, is "like a ghetto because it is difficult here to get absorbed in the culture."

Émigrés from a dozen or more Soviet satellites make up a large part of the RFE/RL staff. That means trouble in spades. As Joseph Conrad wrote, back in 1910, in one of the greatest of his novels, *Under Western Eyes*:

> The shadow of autocracy . . . had already fallen upon the Boulevard des Philosophes, in the free, independent, and democratic city of Geneva, where there is a quarter called La Petite Russie. Wherever two Russians come together, the shadow of autocracy is with them, tinging their thoughts, their views, their most intimate feelings, their private life, their public utterances —haunting the secret of their silences.

Sometimes the press also can be difficult. For example, on August 30, 1984, the *New York Times* accused RFE/RL of having failed to report President Reagan's August 11 quip about the bombing beginning in five minutes. Half-true; the story was broadcast extensively over several days in news-related feature programs, but not in newscasts. Why not in newscasts? For two perfectly good reasons, according to RFE/RL executives: "First, a simple announcement of the President's quip . . . as a factual news item, heard and more probably misheard through the jamming, would have created panic in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. Our mandate enjoins us to do no such thing. Second, a joke reported as a factual news item, even when combined with Mr. Mondale's criticism of the President's remarks, would have added to world tension by creating the impression that the President of the U.S. was inclined to play fast and loose with the lives of millions."

Despite internal and external criticisms, RFE/RL go right on doing one of the most essential jobs in the cold war, which most people know never stopped, détente or no. Even RFE/RL's severest critics in Congress agree that the stations should continue doing their job, albeit with much more care. The current RFE/RL debate, led by Senators Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.), ranking Democrat on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and the rebarbative Lowell Weicker (R., Conn.), is actually over unresolvable questions. When it comes to deciding what should be the subject matter of the programs and how that subject matter should be treated, there is no final, definitive answer.

What the station managers do know is that there is an enormous listening audience in the Soviet bloc for everything from news broadcasts to rock concerts. (There is a continuing Soviet campaign against rock and pop music that one Soviet music commentator said has been created by "American centers of sabotage.")

Radio Free Europe is directed by George Urban, an Anglo-Hungarian. The word "urbane" comes immediately to the lips after a few moments with this engaging scholar-journalist. For anyone who has read his probing and explosively revealing *Encounter* interviews with the great and the once-great, Urban has become the world's finest interviewer, not excluding Oriana Falacci.

RFE is a haven of peace compared to Radio Liberty. RL's director is big, burly, rumpled George Bailey, who reminded me of Heywood Broun, whom someone once

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

described as looking like an unmade bed. Bailey is a brainy no-nonsense anti-Communist who thinks President Reagan's description of the Soviet Union as "the evil empire" is right on target. Bailey is multilingual, a longtime journalist who worked briefly with the Central Intelligence Agency. For some eight years, until 1982, he was a "supervising" editor representing the Axel Springer publishing empire that has helped finance a controversial Paris-based Russian-language magazine, *Kontinent*, edited by a controversial Soviet émigré, Vladimir Maksimov.

This background made Bailey a subject of dispute in émigré circles even before coming to the radios, but he now has strong support in the organization, in part because he has loosened the reins over editors and programmers. This change of policy has meant taking risks with content —hence some of his troubles—but he maintains it has improved the product. Impartial observers agree. Some staff members, according to the *Times* story mentioned earlier, "say a preachy anti-Communist trend is particularly pronounced at Radio Liberty. . . ." Urban, as well as Bailey, is accused of instituting "a tougher anti-Communist and pro-Administration line . . . in the last two years."

What this infighting means in practice is a serious difference of approach to events behind the Iron Curtain. For example, there is no question that the Hungarians have carved out for themselves a bit of independence, especially in the economy. Three cheers. What Urban, however, presses for in the Hungarian broadcasts is an emphasis that for these reforms to be meaningful they must be institutionalized, otherwise here today, gone tomorrow. Hardly what I would call "preachy" anti-Communism.

RL employs as translators, broadcasters, editors, and executives Russians, Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Armenians, Azeris, Georgians, Jews, Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, Tatars and Bakshiris, Kazaks, Kirghizis, Tadjiks, Turkmeni, and Uzbeks. Most of these nationalities have a history, a land, a culture, a religion, traditions, customs, conventions, holy places, feelings of irridentism, generationally transmitted identities, and, often, tragic memories.

Such attributes are all the more sacred to these nationalities because their land is no longer theirs but rather the victim, for almost seven decades, of a hated imperial system, What unites them, the Eastern Europeans, and the Baltic peoples forcibly incorporated into a modern Slav federation is a loathing of their Soviet oppressors and the hope that someday the Soviet empire will become an Ozymandian rubble. What disunite these émigrés are their clashing views of the future based on different interpretations of past and present, all of which gets reflected in the RFE/RL offices and corridors.

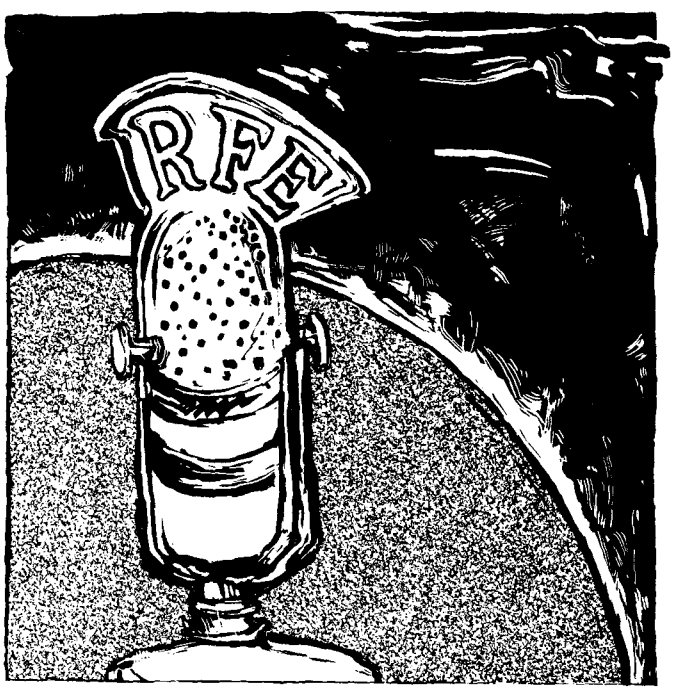
Will the end of Soviet imperialism, if it should ever come, mean a non-Soviet Union of "socialist republics" no longer under the domination of the "Great Russian" Moscow center? Will it mean the right to secede, as Lenin once promised, from the totalitarian *union sacrée*? What will this unquenchable and unappeasable Soviet superpower look like when it is no longer Soviet, when it will, in President Reagan's words, be "remembered only for [its] role in a sad and rather bizarre chapter in human history"?

Among these non-Russian nationality groups there are divisions, incomprehensible occasionally to the outsider, seemingly as unbridgeable as the differences between Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland, or Jews and Arabs in the Middle East. These divisions and factionalisms are unavoidably reflected within RFE/RL and, inevitably, in Washington officialdom. In Munich you will be told that there are RFE/RL staffers who are said to be more nationalist than democratic, although there's no reason why one couldn't be both. There are Czechoslovaks who are said to be more Czech than Slovak and vice versa; White Russians who dislike former Bolsheviks. There are historic quarrels among different nationalities in Soviet Central Asia, some of them with irridentist claims against neighboring Soviet republics from which they are exiled. And there is always the fear of chauvinist Panslavism. Emigré Eastern Europeans and ex-Soviet citizens have longer memories than most people.

There are Jews with long memories about Cossack pogroms in the Ukraine under the czars, and Bolshevik discrimination against them under their successors. Some staffers argue that there are anti-Semites to be found in RL and that the anti-Semitism shows in the output. In examining a random selection of the scripts, I found nothing that I could call anti-Semitic, although I have no doubt that there are anti-Semites on the staff. Some Jewish RFE/RL staffers I interviewed said the anti-Semitism was highly exaggerated. Other Jewish staffers who had brought me the accusations, when told this, said that their compatriots had sold out for career ambitions.

Few people can speak with utter certainty about how RL should handle reports and discussions of Russian nationalism or the Russian Orthodox Church, let alone whether either of these subjects should even be mentioned.

The Russian-nationalism issue became such an overwhelming question that former Senator James L. Buckley, RFE/RL president, convened a meeting last August of four renowned scholars, specializing in Russian history and politics, to study and evaluate RL scripts dealing with Russian nationalism or, in the preferred phrase, "Russian national consciousness." The four were Professors John Dunlop, of the Hoover Institution; Peter Reddaway, of the London School of Economics; Nicholas Riasanovsky, of Berkeley; and Adam Ulam, of Harvard.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'If you would close your Radio Free Europe, the Solidarity underground would completely cease to exist'

Overall, their report supported the RL position, although there was a critical undercurrent:

1. It is important to broadcast programs on Russian and Soviet history, because "having been fed the lies and distortions of official Soviet history, Russians—indeed all citizens of the Soviet Union—are starving for an accurate version of their past."

2. "No historical figure or subject should be regarded as taboo . . . Radio Liberty's historical programs should not rush to judgment about a particular historical figure, urging the listener to be either for or against him."

3. RL's historical programming is, "in general, factual, reliable, and interesting." But—

4. More effort should be made to take into account the most up-to-date scholarship about Soviet affairs.

5. RL should consider scheduling more historical programs, some of which should be in the form of round-table discussions.

In the meantime, internal conflicts among the staff members, especially between different generations of immigrants, go on. Unavoidable as these debates may be, they distract attention from RFE/RL's function as the trusted day-to-day source of news and features about life in the Soviet empire.

Has there been any KGB penetration of the RFE/RL staff or pressure brought to bear on staffers with family members still living behind the Iron Curtain? Possibly, but RFE/RL executives operate by the Bedell Smith probability theorem. When asked at his Senate confirmation hearing in 1950 whether he thought the CIA was penetrated by Soviet intelligence, General Walter Bedell Smith, CIA director-designate, replied that he worked on the assumption that it was. Everything at RFE/RL is public knowledge and is beamed eastward. There are no state secrets or classified documents around.

For some of the more than one thousand Munich-based employees (there are about 1,700 employees including correspondents in Washington, New York, Paris, and elsewhere), RFE/RL are the most important part of their lives because, as they write, research, or speak their scripts to a real audience of their own countrymen, they are endowed with an identity that neither exile nor expulsion can diminish.

But what not all staffers are conscious of is that there is an American foreign policy and public opinion which cannot be trifled with. If in the judgment of Frank Shakespeare and Ben J. Wattenberg, chairman and vice chairman respectively of the Board for International Broadcasting, which supervises RFE/RL—or the handful of American executives in Munich, headed by former Senator Buckley—there is such trifling with the content of broadcasts, then steps will be taken. And since it is almost impossible to fire anybody at RFE/RL (the German unions to which many staffers belong are extremely powerful) a lot of negotiation and hand-holding is necessary. As one official put it, "You couldn't fire Himmler if he were working here. You've got a few nuts here with tenure." A staff-writer émigré put it frankly, "Let's face it, whatever Radio Liberty does, whatever line it might pursue, there is no way it could satisfy *all* Radio Liberty employees."

As a result, arguments between staff and executives over a perceived ideological tilt in what is regarded as a wrong direction can become bitter, quasi-theological. Accusations about "crypto-anti-Semites" on the Ukrainian desk, conspiracy masquerading as innocence, leaks to the press, congressional investigations, or government accounting audits —such phenomena demand a sophisticated appreciation by the station managers that they must not be seduced into taking sides except as their decisions are congruent with American foreign policy and public opinion. Always there must be the realization that RFE/RL are the domestic news service for some 380 million people curtained off from the rest of the world.

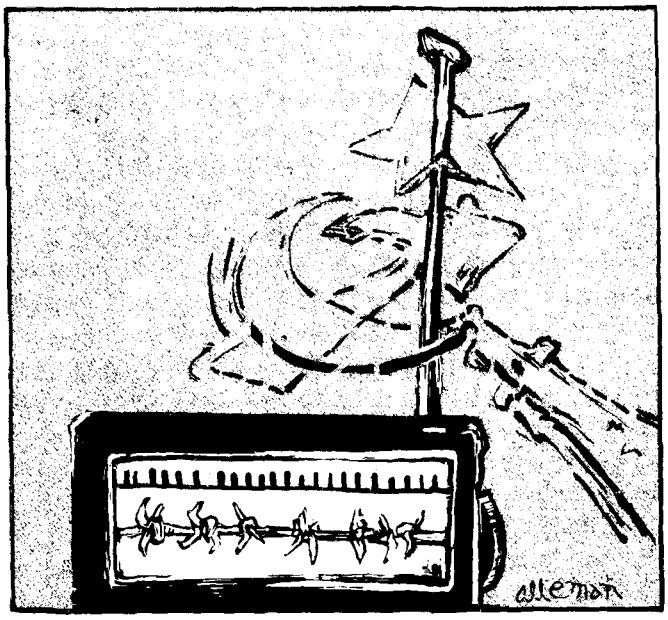
It's not that these debates are unimportant. They cannot easily be trivialized, considering the intellectual qualifications of so many of the RFE/RL disputants. Nor is it a case of the Americans against "them," the émigrés, if only because there are understandable differences over ideological or policy interpretation among the American executives themselves, and sometimes among the vocal RFE/RL constituencies in Paris, New York, and Washington. For example, how should RFE/RL deal with religion behind the Iron Curtain, specifically the Russian Orthodox Church within the USSR and outside it? The number of Russian Orthodox believers is estimated at forty to fifty million. Or how to deal with Ukrainian nationalism, something that frightens Jews for existential reasons, especially those who've tasted Ukrainian nationalism?

It takes a determined insouciance to stay on course and fulfill RFE/RL's *raison d'être*—to act as the daily news service for the people who live in the Soviet empire.

It would be stultifying to tell the Poles, for example, that Communism is bad for their health. It is, however, the fulfilling of their mandate for RFE/RL to tell a Polish or a Russian audience about the receipt of a *samizdat* and to read it over the air. Or, on some Sunday afternoon to put on a top-ten program of U.S., German, and British music for Hungarian teenagers emceed by a Hungarian disc jockey in Munich. Reach out and touch someone—a lot of RFE/RL programming is just that.

During a recent visit to RFE/RL headquarters in Munich and to the Paris bureau, I met and interviewed a large number of executives from the different language desks. They impressed me as excellently educated, steeped in the history and culture of the motherlands they had left behind. Some of them have taught at American universities and are well known to scholars in the field of Soviet and Eastern European studies. Others are pursuing original research into events behind the Iron Curtain to be turned into broadcast scripts. Some have been away from their native lands since the end of the Second World War and have become U.S. citizens. Understandably, they mourn the loss of the motherland. "Exile is the unhealable rift forced between a human being and a native place, between the self and its true home," Professor Edward Said, of Columbia University, has written.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The real question one asks about this multi-million-dollar effort is: Who listens? Henry Hart supervises audience research on Eastern Europe from Munich, and Gene Parta does similar research on the Soviet Union from Paris. While they and their organizations are part of RFE/RL, they operate independently of RFE/RL, and in fact make their headquarters in separate buildings. Their independence and reliability are attested to in that both do audience research for VOA, the BBC, Deutsche Welle, and Radio Sweden, which also broadcasts to the East.

The Hart-Parta researchers face an enormous problem: How do you make audience estimates from unreliable samplings, given that there is no way to correct sampling deficiencies through field checkups, as could be done if the research were pursued in an open society? The research program they have adopted is called "the method of comparative and continual sampling." The method seems sound, because where survey findings by Soviet sociologists have been reported, they agreed with RFE/RL findings.

Soviet and Eastern European research is conducted among visitors temporarily in the West, i.e., official tourists, not defectors, émigrés, or refugees. To include any but tourists would distort the sample. In short, the population sampling based on tourists is believed to be representative of the stay-at-home population, and about as close as one can get to the known demographic profile of the Soviet Union and the Eastern bloc.

Interviewing is handled on a contract basis by independent research institutes in Austria, Belgium, England, France, Germany, and Sweden. Results are regarded as reliable only if the findings reported by all the institutes concur. Thus, instead of the customary single sample, a number of samples are taken for every nationality. These are combined into a single national sample only when the results based on the separate and independent samples drawn by the different institutes agree to a significant extent. Final processing and computerized weighting of the aggregate national samples are carried out by Gallup International in England.

Elaborate statistical methods, computer simulation, and quota sampling techniques have been worked out with leading communications specialists, among them Professor Frederick Mosteller, the Harvard statistician, and the late Ithiel de Sola Pool of MIT, to ensure that the raw data is correctly interpreted.

Interviewers are tested for their knowledge of Russian or the Eastern European languages in which they will conduct the interviews. Most importantly, the interviewers must have excellent memories since they must memorize the questionnaire, although the questions, when asked, are more in the nature of a conversation. To fill out a questionnaire in the presence of the tourist or make entries in a notebook would be distracting. And to be sure that there is no phony reporting, random interviewers are under surveillance as they approach and engage a Soviet visitor to Paris, Rome, Vienna, or some other European city in a structured conversation.

There is plenty of business for interviewers, says Hart, since there are, according to Eastern European government statistics, anywhere between two and three million tourists annually in the West from the five Soviet satellites. About seven thousand a year are interviewed. Close to half of them come through Vienna. Soviet tourists, however, are not as numerous. The last reliable figures, of about 600,-000 a year, date back to 1976. Between 15 and 20 per cent of the prospective interviewees refuse to cooperate. Since 1970, more than twenty thousand interviews with Soviet citizens have been conducted.

The most immediate questions to which answers are sought by the Hart-Parta interviewers are: extent of listenership, motivation for listening, and how can listenership be increased. Then come the sensitive questions: What is your attitude to the government, to the local Communist Party, to the West? The answers to the last, in order: negative, negative, positive.

The 1984 report estimated that in Eastern Europe, RFE's regular audience (meaning individuals who listen once a week or more) was approximately 40.3 million listeners out of an adult populaton of 70.5 million. The total audience, which includes those who listen at least once a month, is in excess of 42 million.

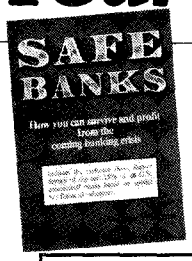
In the Soviet Union, the RL listening audience is proportionately smaller, no doubt because of the constant jamming. Regular listeners (once a week or more) number between 4.7 and 8.3 million people on an average day, between 11.2 and 18.7 million in an average week, and between 13.8 and 24.4 million in an average month, out of an adult population of 192.1 million. VOA attracts the largest audience of any Western broadcaster into the USSR. In Eastern Europe, RFE has the largest following of all the Western broadcasters.

If there is any question about the value of RFE/RL and the other Western radios, let me quote from an interview with the Polish government spokesman, Jerzy Urban, published in the *Wall Street Journal* on August 14, 1984. The official conceded that the political opposition today is more influential than it was before Solidarity. However, if the Solidarity underground lost its access to Western radio channels, he said, the government's problems would be minimized. And here is the clincher. "The amount of discontent is still great, and trust in leaders is only growing very slowly. But extremist political tendencies have a small and shrinking role. If you would close your Radio Free Europe, the underground would completely cease to exist."

Thanks for the tip, Jerzy. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your choice: take 2 fine conservativ



Yours when you join the Conservative Book Club • Values to $69.95 • Save up to $67

What does the Club offer to thinking conservatives?

Since 1964 the Club has helped to fire the conservative advance with books on political action and conservative ideas. Books for Protestants and Catholics who stand for traditional Christianity and oppose liberalism in the churches. Books that fight Communism and bloated government. Books on the free market. . . on our social and moral crises. . . on restoring our schools. Yes, and books that help you survive financially in the age of funny money and confiscation-by-taxation. In fact, ANY book worth the attention of an intelligent conservative — at prices much lower than you'll find in your typical bookstore (if the store even carries the book).

Which 2 books will you take for ONLY $2.95?

Publisher's price listed after each book to show how much you save.

2491 SAFE BANKS — *W. Weagant.* Ranks 2,352 safest banks, using government data. Is your bank one of the safest? "Ranks banks in a simplified manner so anyone who deposits money can compare a bank which will safeguard his personal life savings to one that is high risk." — *Miami Review.* Oversized quality paperback. **$14.95**

2451 MODERN TIMES: The World from the 20s to the 80s — *Paul Johnson.* For the first time: a detailed, stylish survey of our era — by a conservative. "Truly distinguished." — Robert Nisbet, *NY Times.* "Brilliant, densely textured." — *Wall St. Journal.* "Extraordinary." — *Forbes.* 817 pages. **$27.95**

2468 THE GENESIS CONNECTION — *J. Wiester.* "The real issue is not creation versus evolution [but] *creator* versus *no creator,*" says this Christian geologist. "Reasonable. . . appealing. . . sensitive to the Bible and to science." — V. E. Anderson, prof. of genetics, U. of Minnesota. "Great book. . . unique. . . fills a real need." — D. A. Arnold, prof. of anthropology, Wheaton (leading Christian college). **$14.95**

2570 THE WRITER'S ART — *James J. Kilpatrick.* How writers — and everyone else — can keep from mangling our mother tongue. Not only instructive, but a joy to read. "Witty, entertaining and enlightening." — *Publishers Weekly.* "A sweet spring of a book, brisk and bracing, thunderingly informative and gently instructive." — *Washington Journalism Review.* "The best book of its kind I have experienced." — Wm F. Buckley Jr. **$14.95**

2374 WHERE'S THE REST OF ME? — *Ronald Reagan.* The President's autobiography is "utterly charming" (Max Lerner, *NY Post*), "most interesting and entertaining" (*NY Review*), "breezy and interesting" (*Washington Post*). Photos. **$17.95**

2407 HIGH FINANCE ON A LOW BUDGET — *Mark Skousen.* Too strapped to invest? Not with this book. Famed hard-money counsellor shows you how to get started with as little as $100. "I strongly urge you to read this book, and profit from Mark's sound advice." — Howard Ruff. **$12.95**

2571 FALWELL: Before the Millennium — *D. D'Souza.* The ogre of the liberals emerges as a warm, intelligent Christian. His critics emerge as grossly unfair. Photos. **$14.95**

2544 THE ECONOMICS AND POLITICS OF RACE — *Thomas Sowell.* Brilliant black economist explodes a thousand bleeding-heart myths. "A remarkable book. Anyone who reads it will become a more learned person." — *Wall St. Journal.* "Often superb and always stimulating." — *Barron's.* **$15.95**

2554 UP FROM LIBERALISM — *Wm. F. Buckley Jr. Foreword by John Dos Passos.* Classic anti-liberal polemic reissued. "What he says and how he says it is sure . . . to drive the liberals to the brink of mayhem. . . breathtaking." — *Wall St. Journal.* **$16.95**

2541 THE HEYDAY OF AMERICAN COMMUNISM: The Depression Decade — *H. Klehr.* "Meticulous. . . fills a void." — John Chamberlain, *Wall St. Journal.* "There is no longer any excuse (if there ever was) for scholars and activists to fail to comprehend the character of American communism." — *New Republic.* "Brilliant. . . richly detailed." — *Dallas Morning News.* 525 pages. **$26.50**

2521 VIETNAM UNDER COMMUNISM 1975-1982 — *N. V. Canh.* By a refugee professor, the whole grim story of what happened after the peaceniks got their way. **$34.95**

2539 FIGHT, FLIGHT, FRAUD: The History of Taxation — *C. Adams.* Would you believe an *entertaining* book on taxation? "Marvelous. . . makes taxation interesting." — Ralph Rice, Connell Professor of Law, UCLA. Lavish: over 300 huge 9 x 12 pages, over 180 illustrations (some color). **$35**

2390 MY LIFE WITHOUT GOD — *W. J. Murray.* Son of Madalyn Murray O'Hair tells of growing up with atheism's Earth Mother, and how he found God. "A horror story with shock value." — *Publishers Weekly.* Photos. **$12.95**

2514 THE COERCIVE UTOPIANS — *R. J. & S. E. Isaac.* The people who want to change America — for the worst. But they hide behind slogans that sound innocent. "Wide-ranging, explosive, profoundly important." — *Human Events.* **$18.95**

2527 THE ALPHA STRATEGY — *J. A. Pugsley.* ' a person had time to read only one book on financi survival, I would advise him to read *The Alpl Strategy*." — Douglas Casey. **$13.95**

2517 THE MYSTERY OF BANKING — *Murray I Rothbard.* From the $25 check you deposit, walks y through the whole maze of international banking, offe libertarian ideas to clean up the mess. "When econom Rothbard is finished, there isn't much mystery left." *Publishers Weekly.* **$19.95**

2323 THE BRANDEIS-FRANKFURTER CONNE TION — *B. A. Murphy.* Landmark book shows h the Supreme Court got politicized. "Striking. . . Mo than just delicious historical footnotes. . . even across t decades, Murphy's disclosures have shock value. . . F all its fascinating disclosures. . . a careful, measur work." — *Newsweek.* **$22.50**

2486 PSYCHOLOGICAL SEDUCTION — *W. I Kilpatrick.* Prominent psychologist warns: Christiani and psychology are now competing religions. "Terri book. . . major contribution to the recently emergi Christian critique of psychology." — P. C. Vitz, Dep of Psychology, NYU. **$14.95**

2540 THE NEW BOOM IN SILVER — *Jerome F. Barbara K. Smith.* Why "silver's price appreciati potential is at least double that of gold." Says CBN Dan Dorfman: "Smith has demonstrated remarkab forecasting skills." **$19.95**

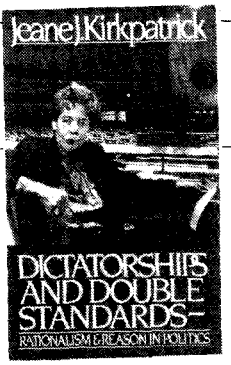
2335 DICTATORSHIPS AND DOUBLE STAN DARDS — *Jeane Kirkpatrick.* Our brilliant UN ar bassador at her feisty best about liberal hypocrisy. **$14.9**

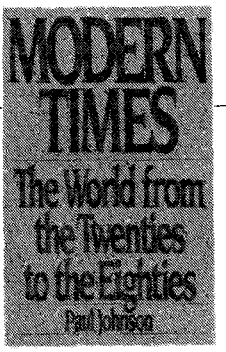
2487 SOCIAL JUSTICE AND THE CHRISTIA CHURCH — *R. H. Nash.* "Excellent presentation the case for free enterprise. . . deadly indictment socialism. . . should be read. . . especially by those wh think the Bible calls for the redistribution of wealth." Harold Lindsell, Editor Emeritus, *Christianity Toda* **$12.95**

2509 ALPHAPHONICS — *S. L. Blumenfeld.* Ne program by a pioneer in the private-school moveme shows you how to teach your child to read by the goo old-fashioned phonics method. Oversized quality pape back. **$19.95**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

books for ONLY $2.95





0296 THE FAILURE OF THE "NEW ECONOMICS" — *Henry Hazlitt.* "A great book, the best and most thorough exercise in economic demolition since Boehm-Bawerk exploded Marx's labor theory of value...best book on economics since Mises' great *Human Action*...will destroy the Keynesian System." — Murray N. Rothbard, *National Review.* **$15**

2500 BROKEN EARTH — *Steven W. Mosher.* The outspoken book about Red China that got the author fired from Stanford. **$17.95**

2479 IDOLS FOR DESTRUCTION — *H. Schlossberg.* Stunning insights into how liberalism is eroding religious and political life. "Extraordinarily trenchant and provocative critique of contemporary culture, from a solid Christian standpoint." — James Hitchcock. "Not to be missed by any." — *Wall St. Journal.* "One of the best, if not the best...buy of the year." — Carl F. H. Henry, former editor, *Christianity Today.* **$14.95**

2339 WITNESS TO POWER: The Nixon Years — *John Ehrlichman.* Liveliest, bluntest of the memoirs. "Honest...worthwhile...paints in the warts and blemishes." — *Manchester Union Leader.* "Biting." — *New York* Magazine. 432 pages. Photos. **$17.50**

2518 AMERICA'S GREAT DEPRESSION — *Murray N. Rothbard.* Revisionist classic reissued. New introduction relates today's economy to that of 30s. "Notable contribution." — *Henry Hazlitt.* **$19.95**

2548 SAFE PLACES FOR THE 80s — *David & Holly Franke.* Searches out 110 towns still nice, assesses crime, culture, the economy, living conditions in each, helps you find your dream town. 456 pages, photos. **$19.95**

2560 THE ANTICHRIST — *Vincent P. Miceli.* Conservative priest reads warnings of doom — not least within his own church. "In the everlasting Holy War against the Devil, *The Antichrist* is a masterly textbook." — Malcolm Muggeridge. Oversized quality paperback. **$11.95**

2440 SOVIET IMPREGNATIONAL PROPAGANDA — *B. Hazan.* How the Reds use films, art, books, ballet, cultural exchange, even sports to spread their germs. "As Hazan demonstrates in a disturbing, revealing study, virtually all exportable products of Soviet culture carry a propaganda load." — *Publishers Weekly.* **$20**

0528 THE CRITICS OF KEYNESIAN ECONOMICS — *Henry Hazlitt.* Hayek, Mises, 20 more authorities marshal the case against Keynes. **$14**

2504 THE NEW WORLD OF GOLD — *Timothy Green.* "Tells the fascinating story of gold about as well as it can be done in one succinct volume." — *Financial Book Digest.* "Countless interesting facts and anecdotes." — *Wall St. Journal.* **$15.95**

2201 WEALTH AND POVERTY — *George Gilder.* "A book so grand in its outlook, so optimistic in its approach that it is breathtaking. Here at last is a positive defense of capitalism as a moral force...a book to be treasured." — *Barron's.* **$19.95**

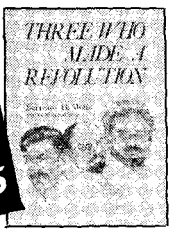
2506 THE APOCALYPTICS: Politics, Science, and the Big Cancer Lie — *Edith Efron.* Bestselling author rocks the Cancer Establishment. "Efron has singlehandedly demolished one of the most cherished myths of the environmental movement." — *National Review.* "Fully documented revelation of one of the most astonishing scientific scandals of our time." — *American Spectator.* 600 pages. **$19.95**

2403 THE LEFT, THE RIGHT AND THE JEWS — *W. D. Rubinstein.* Why the Jewish move to the Right? Rubinstein marshals the case in fascinating detail, never ducks the tough questions. "Important...bound to startle...dispassionate, calm, scholarly." — *Publishers Weekly.* **$18.20**

2547 CONVERSIONS — *ed. by H. Kerr & J. Mulder.* From Paul, Constantine and Augustine through Lewis, Waugh, Muggeridge, Cleaver and Colson, converts tell — all in their own words — how they found Christ. **$12.95**

2461 THE WAY OF THE HUNTER-WARRIOR: How to Make a Killing in Any Market — *Julian M. Snyder.* "Fortunately, most investors think like losers. That's how people like me get rich," says Snyder, then reveals his secrets. **$12.95**

2496 JESUS CHRIST BEFORE HE BECAME A SUPERSTAR — *J. K. Fitzpatrick.* With insights worthy of C. S. Lewis, reminds the updaters what Christianity really means. Oversized quality paperback. **$11.95**



How to get your 2 books for ONLY $2.95

2475 PANIC AMONG THE PHILISTINES — *B. F. Griffin.* Feeling grim about the state of culture, literature, the arts? "Rambunctiously combative book attacking those ... actively involved." — *Wall St. Journal.* "Feisty, clever, hugely entertaining." — *Washington Times.* **$12.95**

2308 THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRATIC CAPITALISM — *Michael Novak.* "One need not share Novak's religious perspective on capitalism to find this book a stunning achievement...may prove one of those rare books that actually changes the way things are." — *Commentary.* **$17.50**

2430 THE OUTLINE OF SANITY: A Life of G. K. Chesterton — *A. S. Dale.* "Supersedes earlier biographies." — *National Review.* "If [a Chesterton revival] ever becomes necessary [this book] is the place to begin." — *Time.* **$18.95**

2340 THE OMINOUS PARALLELS: The End of Freedom in America — *L. Peikoff; Introduction by Ayn Rand.* Likens present trends here to Germany's in the pre-Hitler years. "Extraordinarily perceptive... frightening." — Alan Greenspan. **$16.95**

2350 THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO SWISS PROTECTION — *J. P. Bernard.* If you fear the dollar won't hold its value, check out Swiss insurance, securities, banks — at home, by mail. Book even provides forms for getting facts from Swiss firms. Oversized quality paperback. **$15**

2535 WHY ARE THEY LYING TO OUR CHILDREN? — *Herbert London.* Dean of NYU provides head-snapping revelations about the brainwashing administered in today's schools. **$15.95**

2529 THREE WHO MADE A REVOLUTION — *Bertram Wolfe.* The classic on Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin reissued. "The best book in its field in any language." — Edmund Wilson. "By far the best history of the Russian Revolutionary movement available in English." — Wm. Henry Chamberlain. 672 pages. **$24.95**

HOW THE CLUB WORKS

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 4 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 80-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 OAKLAND AVENUE • HARRISON, N.Y. 10528

I enclose my check or money order for $2.95. Please accept my membership in the Club and send me, postpaid and at no further cost, the 2 books whose numbers I have entered in the boxes below:

☐ ☐

I agree to buy 4 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 2 years. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

NR-59

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACCURACY IN MEDIA

In 1978, Reed Irvine told Katharine Graham, owner of the *Washington Post*, that her newspaper had a liberal bias. Mrs. Graham maintained her calm, but implied that Irvine was spouting the usual Neanderthal line. (This is an oblique reference to the media's great non sequitur: *Because* people on both left and right are critical of them, they must be doing an unimpeachable job.) Irvine challenged Mrs. Graham to name a single reporter on her staff who was politically conservative. Mrs. Graham paused, then said, "Lou Cannon?"

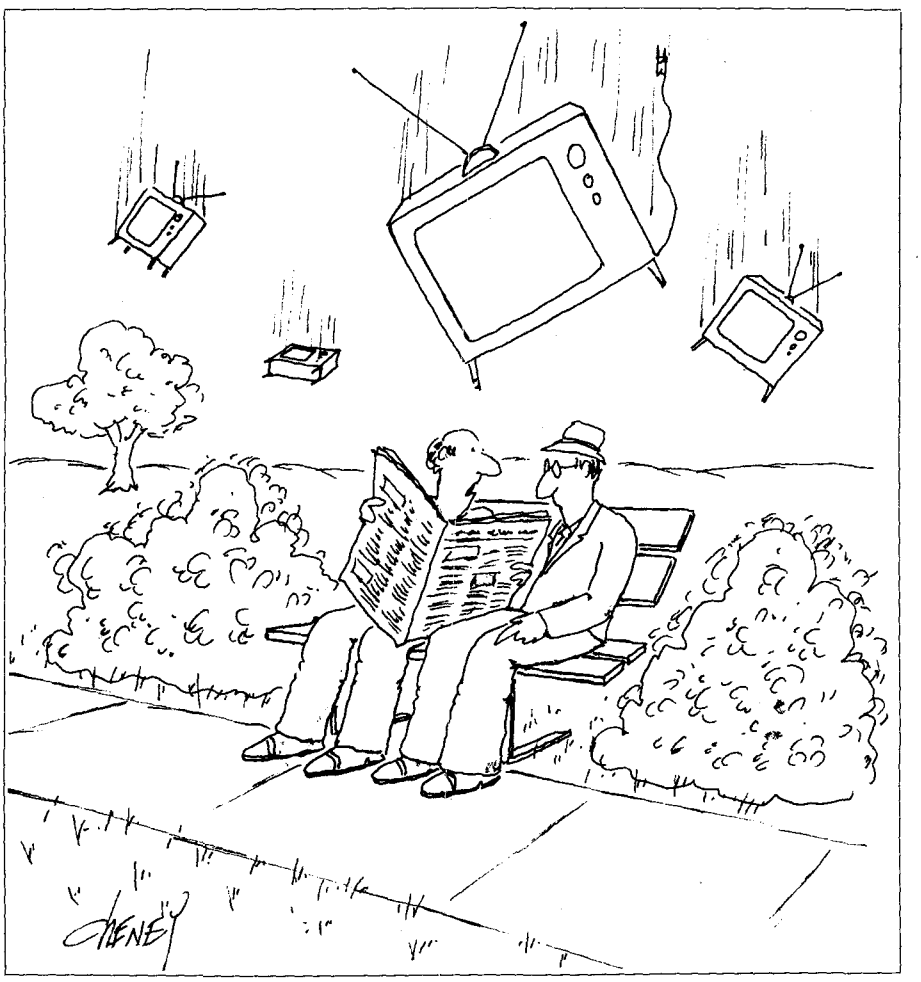
This is one of those delicious Grahamisms that should appear in media magazines like the *Columbia Journalism Review* but never do. The press is too busy walloping right-wing excesses in Washington to chastise its own. When it does turn the lens inward, as in a *Time* magazine cover story last year, "Accusing the Press," it ignores chronic maladies and parades peccadilloes as if to say, Hey, ain't we just the most self-critical, principled bunch of guys and gals?

Criticism of the media from outside the media is regarded as utterly reprehensible, if not unconstitutional. The media must maintain that they are self-regulating in order to justify their claim that they are above the law: that their constitutional mandate to collect information stands taller than all competing claims of privacy, decency, and national security. No wonder that Reed Irvine is viewed as a gnat of the most fulsome, buzzing, stinging sort. Benjamin Bradlee, executive editor of the *Washington Post*, calls him a "miserable, carping, retromingent vigilante."

But Irvine refuses to go away; indeed swats such as these only excite his antennae, and he descends upon his targets with greater glee. His organization, Accuracy in Media (AIM), issues regular documentations of media distortion and chicanery. These are published every fortnight in *The AIM Report*, which goes to congressmen, media representatives, and forty thousand AIM members; Irvine also recites them on his daily *Media Monitor* radio broadcast. He has bolstered libel suits against the major media and, when those failed, converted courtroom defeat into public-relations triumph with lachrymose accounts of Big Media versus the little guy. He owns stock in the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and the three major networks, and often chastises their directors with strident queries at shareholders' meetings.

Irvine founded AIM as a one-man media watchdog in 1969. He was raised a Mormon in Salt Lake City, Utah, during the Depression; worked his way through the state university; served as a Marine officer in the Pacific during World War II; studied economics and literature at Oxford as a Fulbright scholar; juggled numbers and wrote reports for the Federal Reserve for 26 years; then decided to retire and make waves.

"I got the idea for AIM in 1968 while watching a CBS documentary called *Hunger in America*," Irvine recalls. Apparently CBS showed pictures



"Do you suppose that could be a misprint in today's weather forecast?"

Mr. D'Souza is the editor of Prospect *magazine. He is currently writing a book about the media.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a prematurely born baby and claimed that it was puny and underweight because of the insufficiently progressive programs of the Johnson Administration. Despite congressional pleas and threats, CBS refused to recant its story or apologize.

Now this might be a media foible were it not for the obstinacy that accompanied it, Irvine believes. But he points to a pattern of distortions, from *Hunger in America* to attacks on General Westmoreland to the Janet Cooke fiasco, and they all seem to weave toward a liberal solution. When has CBS or the *Washington Post* overestimated the Soviet nuclear arsenal? When was the last time a fabricated news story favored the defense industry or suggested the inefficiency of social programs? It is certainly no mistake that, as Irvine reports, "Almost nothing was said about the approximately two million Cambodians who died between April 1975 and the end of 1977 as a result of actions taken by their Communist rulers. The information was available to the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and the networks. But in 1976, while this slaughter was taking place, the *Post* ran only nine news stories that even alluded to the human-rights problems in Cambodia. At the same time, it chose to run 58 stories about human rights in Chile. Even worse was the *Times*. It published four Cambodian and 66 Chilean human-rights stories."

The widespread, and still growing, belief that journalists insert their own ideology into what is presented as objective reporting has fueled the growth and prestige of AIM. Its impressive advisory board includes former Ambassador Shelby Cullom Davis, Clare Boothe Luce, Admiral Thomas Moorer, Professor Charles Moser, Henry Salvatori, William Simon, and Nobel laureate Eugene Wigner. AIM has an annual budget of $1.5 million; a third of its income comes from corporate gifts and foundations, the rest from individual contributions of $15 to $25.

AIM has used that money to research and distribute reports on such diverse topics as Agent Orange, National Public Radio's leftist tilt, General Westmoreland's grievance against CBS, and the Lichter-Rothman survey on the politics of the media elite. Irvine takes credit for shooting down the media assault on the FBI during the Jean Seberg case. "We showed that the FBI didn't plant the story that Miss Seberg was pregnant by a Black Panther," Irvine says. "We also released tapes showing that it wasn't a story at all, it was true."

Perhaps AIM's greatest contribution to media balance and accuracy is invisible, however: Who can tabulate the stories that the papers and TV stations *didn't* run because they knew that AIM was waiting in ambush? Irvine believes that AIM's criticisms have influenced reporting procedures at the *New York Times* and some other papers; "It is CBS and the *Washington Post* that are the most unreceptive. They get very uptight and nasty when you suggest ideological motivations for the stories they write or don't write," Irvine says.

The *Post* has on several occasions had its nose tweaked by AIM. When reporter Loren Jenkins tried to downplay the significance of the weapons found on Grenada by claiming that some of them were Marlin .30-.30 carbines made in 1870, AIM revealed that no such weapons ever existed. The *Post* did not print AIM's letter. Karen De Young of the *Post* is understandably irate at Irvine's frequent mention of her statement to a journalism class at the Institute for Policy Studies: "Most journalists now, most Western journalists at least, are very eager to seek out guerrilla groups, leftist groups, because you assume they must be the good guys." When Jimmie Hoagland, assistant managing editor of the *Post*, called Irvine to deny the quotation, Irvine provided a tape recording of the remark. The *Post* now maintains that Miss De Young merely meant that the guerrillas are better at public relations than their adversaries.

Recently Irvine has become involved in an effort to uncover foreign and Communist influences in the American media. This stems, in part, from his belief that patriotic Americans could not possibly favor the systematic erosion of the nation's defenses and its acquiescence to Soviet belligerence all over the world. AIM has given wide distribution to James Tyson's book *Target America: The Influence of Communist Propaganda on the U.S. Media*, for which Irvine wrote the introduction. *Target America* is a sober and startling examination of Soviet propaganda efforts, which may be gauche but are unbelievably effective.

One question that AIM should ponder, but hasn't to date, is why journalists are so liberal. Irvine says simply, "There is a lag in the media. They have not yet caught up with changing values." In other words, the press has not yet outgrown America's self-flagellation of the 1960s and 1970s. But that's changing: Irvine believes that public support for the Reagan Administration's initial exclusion of reporters from Grenada alerted the media to their unpopularity.

While deploring the ideology that propels our mainstream media, Irvine admits that AIM itself is politically motivated. Although he once amplified the complaints of a black radical group wronged by the press, by and large AIM is a conservative organization. "We are ideological," Irvine says. "We are concerned about defending our free economic system from enemies in this country and abroad."

Reed Irvine is doing good work, but AIM cannot single-handedly transform the media establishment. What is needed is either a mass infiltration of conservatives into the mainstream media, for balance; or for conservatives to buy a major network. The former is not likely, but somewhere, some wealthy conservative may want to consider the latter. □

Stanzas in Stone

Miser
The wealth of kings
He could not keep,
But went where things
Are all dirt cheap.

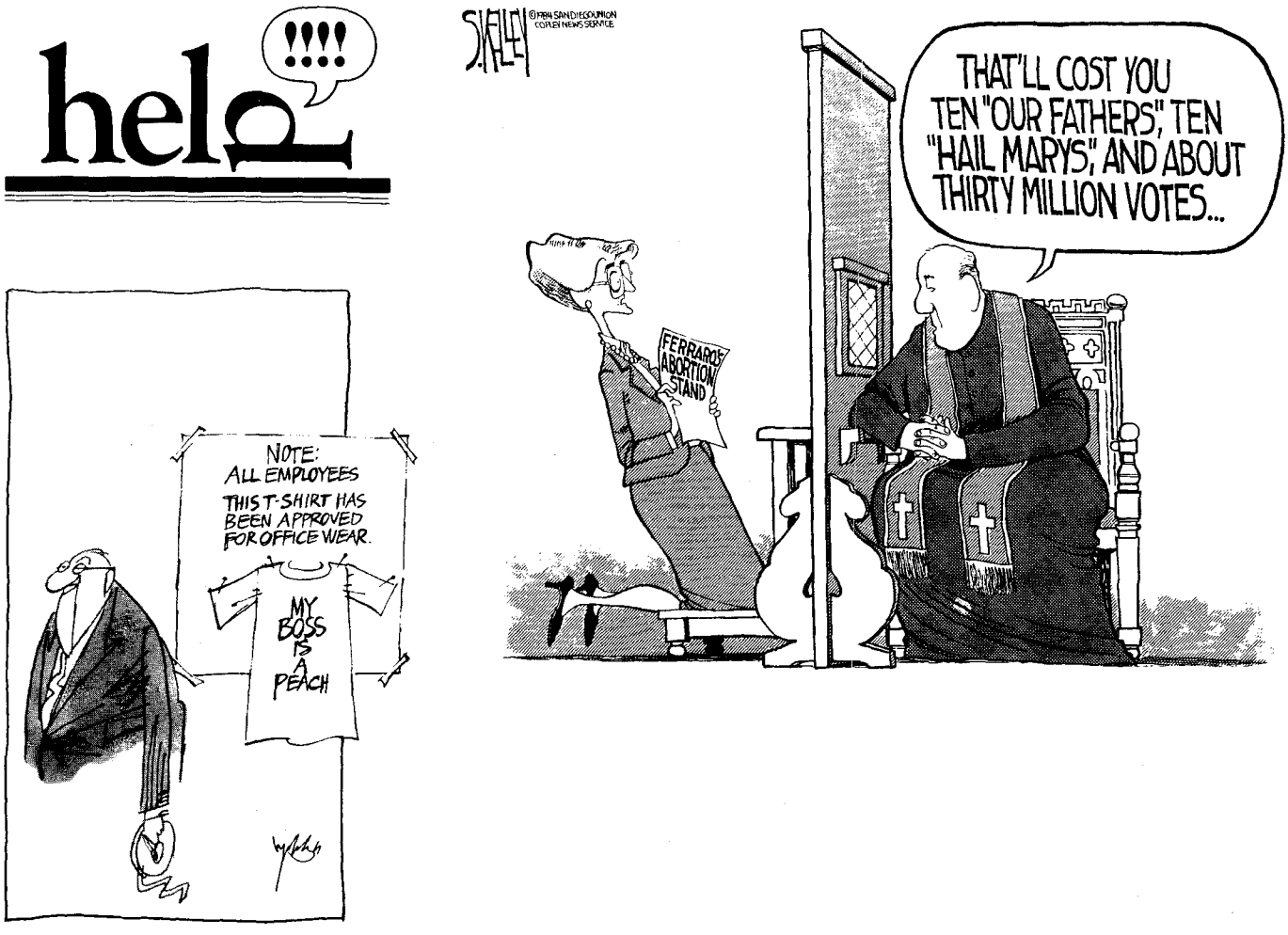
Punctual
Death at her throat,
She fought the fate
That would denote
Her as "the late."

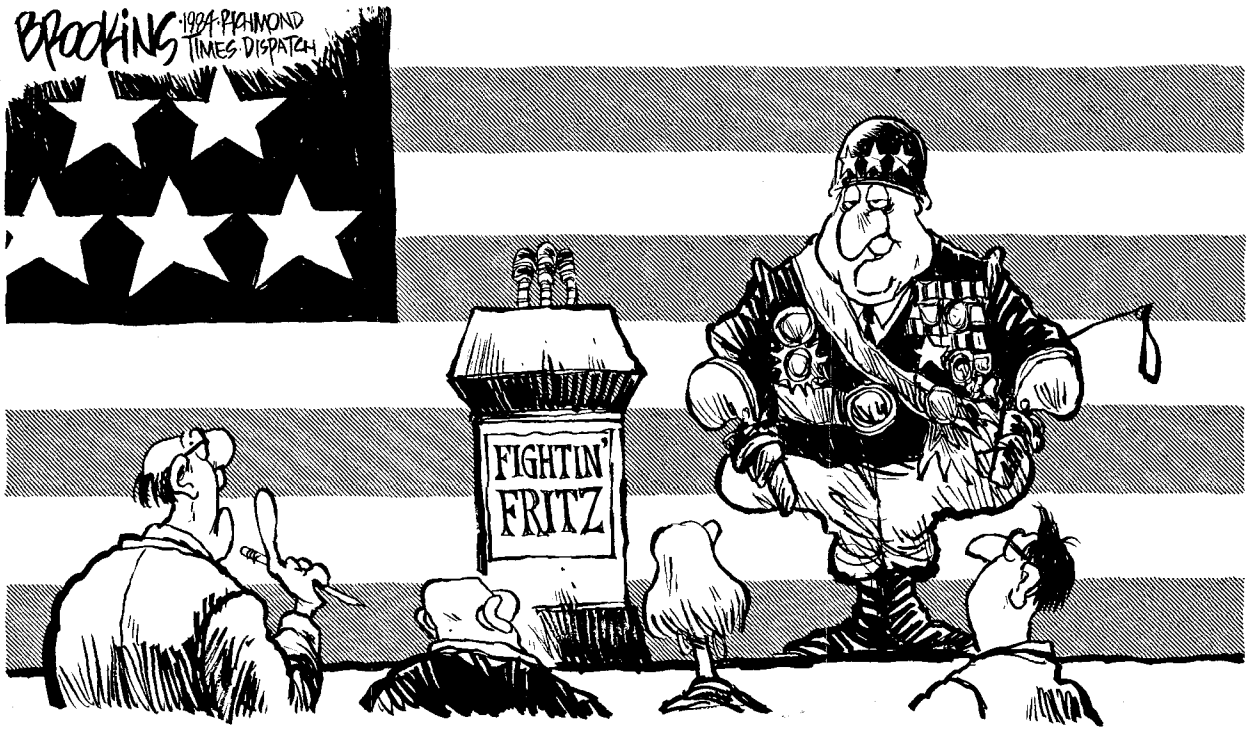
Doctor
Now he is dead,
And at his head
A stone whose words
Cannot be read.

Photographer
His grin is grim
And never goes,
Since death told him
To "Hold that Pose!"

—Gloria A. Maxson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


help !!!!
SKELLY ©1984 SAN DIEGO UNION COPLEY NEWS SERVICE
THAT'LL COST YOU TEN "OUR FATHERS", TEN "HAIL MARYS", AND ABOUT THIRTY MILLION VOTES...
FERRARO'S ABORTION STAND
NOTE: ALL EMPLOYEES THIS T-SHIRT HAS BEEN APPROVED FOR OFFICE WEAR.
MY BOSS IS A PEACH



"ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMORS THAT YOU'VE SHIFTED TO THE RIGHT SOMEWHAT TO SHAKE IDENTIFICATION WITH THE CARTER ADMINISTRATION'S FOREIGN POLICIES?"

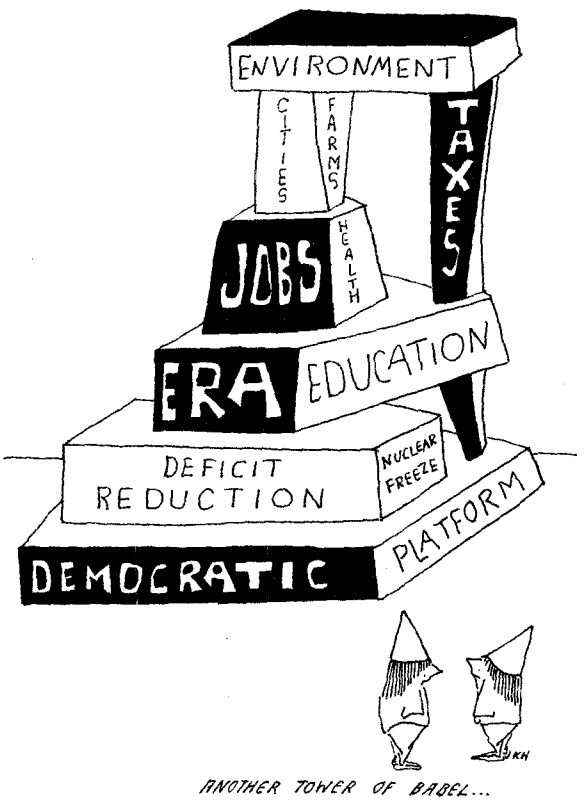
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MANELLY Chicago Tribune
NO TURN ON RED
WAIT...THIS LOOKS PROMISING: "FOR A GOOD TIME CALL GERALDINE..."
PEANUTS
Welcome to Pleasant (but pretty dull) Mondale "Gateway to the Minnesota WHINE Country"
Phone
Rx Hubert's
CANDY SODA FI
DRUGS

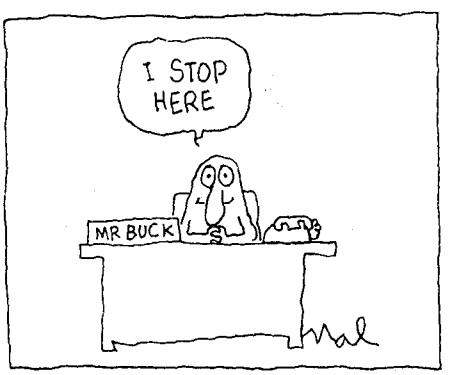
Quarantining Nicaragua

Fritz bared a tooth the other day,
Which took me back to JFK
And times when Democrats stood tall
Though Communists would caterwaul.
But one incisor doesn't make
A set of fangs, nor will it shake
The Soviets, with bridgework which
Ground up a czar and czarevitch.

W. H. von Dreele



ANOTHER TOWER OF BABEL...



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M*A*S*H WITHOUT LAUGHTER

In February, at the invitation of Columbia University's Center for Human Rights, three French doctors visited the United States to talk about their work in Afghanistan.

Their report, in the simplest terms: The war continues, in some ways is getting worse, crueler, more vicious. It is now a war against civilians. Using the best anti-guerilla tactic, Soviet-Afghan army forces are, it appears, trying to dry up the water in which the fish—the resistance, the Mujahedin—swim. There are more mines, more refugees; there is more hunger, more disease. There is more pain, more sorrow.

Doctors Laurance Laumonier, Pascal Mathey, and Philippe Augoyard of Aide Médicale Internationale (AMI) were introduced one night at Columbia University as missionaries, the unsung heroes of the Afghan war. Dr. Laumonier, a pretty woman in an elegant red suit, doesn't, at first, seem the sort who would go to Afghanistan five times, live there 15 months, trek 1,200 miles over high mountains. She smiled and explained: "We are not sure to be missionaries, we are not sure to be heroes, but we are sure to be doctors." This is it. They are not activists, experts, journalists, politicians. They are humanitarians, who quietly speak the truth. Dr. Mathey had just returned from seven months in the Panjshir Valley; Dr. Augoyard, a soft-spoken pediatrician from Rouen, was hunted down by Soviet soldiers and captured, and spent five months in a Kabul prison.

There are three French medical groups in Afghanistan. They alone carry to the Afghans a message that the West has not entirely forgotten them. The largest is Médecins sans Frontières, led by Dr. Claude Malhuret, a humble and eloquent man whose article in the Winter issue of *Foreign Affairs* is one of the best, most honest and moving first-hand reports of the war to appear. The second is Médecins du Monde; the youngest is AMI.

Before going to Afghanistan in 1981, anxious for advice, I talked with a few doctors in Paris, and their advice was sound. That night they also said not to write about them. They wanted no publicity for themselves. They wanted only to work. They did not want to upset the Russians.

But today they can no longer work quietly. Their hospitals, some with large red crosses painted on the roofs, have been bombed; their people are in danger. At least six of their hospitals have been destroyed by the dreaded MI-24 helicopters; and Soviet soldiers, with photographs of the doctors in their possession, have questioned the population, searching for them. The French groups work all over the world, wherever there is war and suffering, and only in Afghanistan are they attacked. But still they work.

Dr. Mathey, a slight man with a sandy beard, about thirty, talked about his work in the Panjshir. "We performed 250 operations during a five-month period, mostly amputations, then [treated] other wounds, fractures, and burns. One hundred [of the operations] were [performed under] general anaesthesia. Many of the amputations were on women and children who stepped on, or picked up, the small plastic mines the helicopters drop." They visitors showed slides of their work, the adobe-brick hospitals, the cots with patients, the doctors performing operations. M*A*S*H with no laughter. Then they showed a slide of a little girl without legs and the room became very quiet.

In Afghanistan, the doctors hold consultations in the mornings, about forty to fifty a day, treating all diseases as best they can: respiratory infections, dermatitis, intestinal parasites, meningitis. The many cases of TB are difficult. In the afternoons they teach health care and first aid to students who will go to isolated villages and work. "More and more they are being accepted by the villagers," Dr. Mathey said. "Bombing victims, though, are brought to us. We take care of all these, doing what we can."

The French doctors supply the only medical help available. "In the 15 months I was in Afghanistan I never saw an Afghan doctor," Dr. Laumonier said. It is a long trip, by camel or by

Mr. Van Dyk, a writer living in Manhattan, is the author of Afghanistan: An American Odyssey.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

donkey, to a hospital in Pakistan. Beside the pathways are small mounds of rock with a pole, and a small white flag flying from it, the graves of those who died on the way.

"The bombing has increased, and the helicopters are dropping more mines than before. This is having a tremendous impact on the morale of the people." An injured person requires the help of others, and his or her injury, or death, can be slow and painful—and horrifying to watch, especially if it is a child. These plastic mines, which are green, the color of leaves; brown, the color of dirt; grey, the color of rocks, twirl and flutter, like birds, to the ground. They are smaller than a man's hand and will rip the leg off a camel. Journalists remember these; but now, it appears, it is worse.

"Our people tell us now they've seen mines disguised as small toy trucks, pencils, and cigarette packages," said Dr. Laumonier. "Many of the women I talked to had never seen a helicoper before, never witnessed a bomb drop—had never seen anything in the air before."

Hearts and Mines

This is not unique to the Panjshir. During the Logar offensive in January 1983—the joint Soviet-Afghan army offensive during which Philippe Augoyard was captured—villagers fled to the mountains. When they returned they found mines in their homes, in their gardens, and hidden in the bins where they store flour. Thirty to forty people stayed in one house afterward, afraid to return home.

According to the doctors, the Russians have found it too difficult to occupy an area, so they work from the air. Most of their soldiers are only 17, 18 years old. They've been sent to Afghanistan to fight, and they're scared. They are not fighting for their land, their families, their way of life. The Afghans are. The Afghans, in turn, are not afraid of the Russian soldiers—one on one—but they are afraid of helicopters. They still have nothing, really, to fight them with—a few more machine guns now—and so Soviet helicopters bomb villages with impunity; jets scorch croplands. The people, scared and cowering, flee, elsewhere in the country or to Pakistan. "It's getting worse," said Dr. Mathey, who has also worked in Lebanon. (*Le Monde* reported in December that there are now six million refugees; four million in Pakistan and Iran and two million more—internal refugees—in Afghanistan. Population figures go from 12, 13, to 16 million. This means, at least, that one-third of the population is refugees. "It is unprecedented in the twentieth century," reports the International Rescue Committee.)

"Another problem is hunger," Mathey explained. "When they—Soviet-Afghan forces—invaded the Panjshir, everyone fled to the mountains. The reason Massoud [the bright young commander of whom so much has been written] signed a truce with the Russians—and it was with the Russians he signed, he refused to deal with the Kabul government—was to keep his people from starving. They were hiding in the mountains, in caves, and they didn't have enough to eat."

Dr. Laumonier leaned over the table, her arm in the air, to emphasize her point. "There was a real famine. It was almost a catastrophe. There was no harvest. Their fields had been burned."

It was here that the French doctors, with the necessary help of support groups in England, France, and Sweden, and the New York-based Afghanistan Relief Committee (Suite 4100, 345 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10154), did a quick and remarkable thing. Together they raised $100,000. A Telex arrived in New York, and within 24 hours, the ARC responded. As Gordon Thomas, president of the board of directors, said, "We seized upon this opportunity to help. The UN High Commissioner for Refugees is taking care of the refugees in Pakistan. This was more direct relief than we could give in any other way. We allocated virtually all our funds to help save these people." The French doctors took the money in an attaché case to Pakistan. From there it went to the Panjshir, from there to Kabul, where the American dollars were changed into afghanis. Then men traveled by foot across the Hindu Kush to Mazar-i-Sharif, and there on the high plains bought wheat, rented camels and mules, and brought them back.

In 1971 Médecins sans Frontières was created by a group of young French doctors who had worked in Biafra and saw that the big international health and relief organizations, while well-meaning, were too large and bureaucratic to respond quickly enough to the needs of the people. The Red Cross, for example, goes where it is permitted to go. It deals, as it must, with governments. The French medical groups do not. They go where they see a genuine humanitarian need, clandestinely and without regard to politics—to Laos, Kampuchea, Iranian Kurdistan, Colombia, Chad, Eritrea, Haiti, Afghanistan.

An Unbroken Chain

Aide Médicale Internationale was established by ten medical students in 1979. In May 1980 it sent a mission to Pakistan to help the refugees coming out of Afghanistan after the Soviet invasion in December 1979. Two months later a team of doctors and nurses left for Nuristan, in eastern Afghanistan. They stayed four months, and another team replaced them, then another, and an unbroken chain began. In May 1981, AMI opened a "hospital" in an abandoned house. In September 1981, the first Soviet-Afghan army offensive hit; in February 1981 they painted a large red cross on the roof, to protect it. In March the hospital was bombed. MSF hospitals were destroyed also.

Dr. Laumonier wrote a letter to her colleagues, which was hand-carried out: "It is spring and nice . . . the green in the fields . . . the sun is warm, the trees are in full bloom. But at the same time things are not easy here . . . the valley is under constant threat of bombings, our hospital being the main target. We have just changed work sites again. The race continues. We operated on two Mujahedin. . . . One man died within 24 hours. It was a shock. There was so much bombing. There are reports from Kabul of more bombings, and a possible invasion. We simply say to one another, 'Let's see what happens.' If we sat with folded arms waiting for an optimum time we would get no work done at all."

She continued a few days later. "We absolutely need more medicine and more supplies. There is almost nothing. Capucine and I can make it for ten to 15 more days on the supplies we have. We have confidence in all of you. Love, Laurance."

The three doctors, in addition to giving talks, were in America to raise money. But it is not easy, they said:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Americans don't seem to know or think about it."

Why do they do it? John Train, executive vice president of the Afghanistan Relief Committee, said, "Almost all the worthwhile humanitarian aid going into Afghanistan is taken in by French teams. Wondering why it is so, I have realized that France is almost the only country where having been a resistant, or *maquisard*, in World War II is today a matter of great prestige; so the French think naturally in those terms. Also, they believe in principles, and Afghanistan must be the clearest issue of conscience since Hitler's murder of the Jews."

"We like to do it," said Dr. Augoyard. "We came to like the people; we want to help them. We came to work as doctors, not to help the resistance. The Red Cross goes where it is allowed to in the world. We go, regardless. Even while I was in jail, other doctors kept going in. None of us is married, yet. It is the time in our lives to give to other people."

The war in Afghanistan will go on. The doctors will keep going in. It gives you hope. □

AFGHANISTAN II / SI FRUMKIN

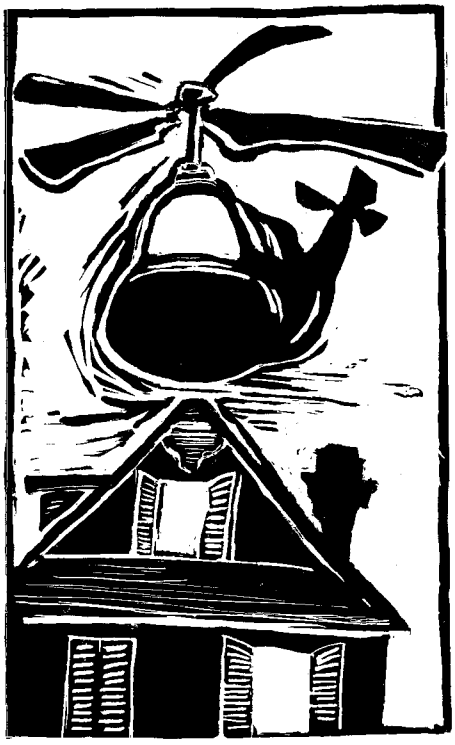
UNTOLD STORIES

FOREIGN VISITORS often have trouble understanding why our newspapers seem so big while having very little hard news in them. The obvious answer is, of course, that most of the paper is taken up by advertisements and that it is the ads that pay for the paper. Still, there are many stories that are covered superficially or, worse, not covered at all. The five-year war in Afghanistan is an example; once in a while there appears a brief paragraph or two, but by and large it is ignored. I realize that the war in Afghanistan, like the Iraq-Iran war, is difficult to report—journalists are not exactly welcome there. On the other hand, what about the public's "right to know," the right that was so grossly "violated" in Grenada?

As an example of constructive criticism, here are three items that could have been used to tell us a little about what is happening in Afghanistan. Any one of them would have made a good story. I will present them without comment, and I want you to decide whether the press is doing a good job of informing us.

The first one is a letter from the wife or girlfriend of a young soldier fighting in Afghanistan:

"Greetings from Dniepropetrovsk, my darling, my one and only beloved Seryozha! I am sending you all my love and all my best wishes to help with your hard soldier's life. I thought I would write you once again, my little rabbit. I hope that my letters get to you somehow. I pray God that my little rabbit is well, and that is all I need and want. Every day I read in the papers about the international situation and about Afghanistan and I wonder—why is there so much evil in the world? We will be apart for two years, but let's hope not forever. This is our fate—it's a lousy deal and bullets don't care about love. You have only 15½ more months left to serve, at least that is less than two years. . . . I am miserable now and my soul is full of worry."



This letter was found on the body of Soviet soldier Seryozha Chernish. He came from the village of Rubanovka in the Kherson district. He was 19 or twenty years old.

'They All Died'

The next item is a partial transcript from an interview with an Afghan refugee in Pakistan.

". . . they came with planes, helicopters, MiGs, and all kinds of arms. A whole division of the Russian army. Very powerful. They began in the morning, about 6:30. At first they bombed our villages, our settlements, the little huts on the hills and in the valley. People were at home at the time; they just led their lives. Children were killed by the bombs, women were killed. They all died. Our young men were shooting at the tanks and the soldiers of the Red Army. They killed many of them. Sometimes the Russians would break into the houses; the helicopters would land them on the roofs. . . . They came in the village and fought in the houses and the peasants resisted the best they could. Many were killed, both Russians and our people. And children and women.

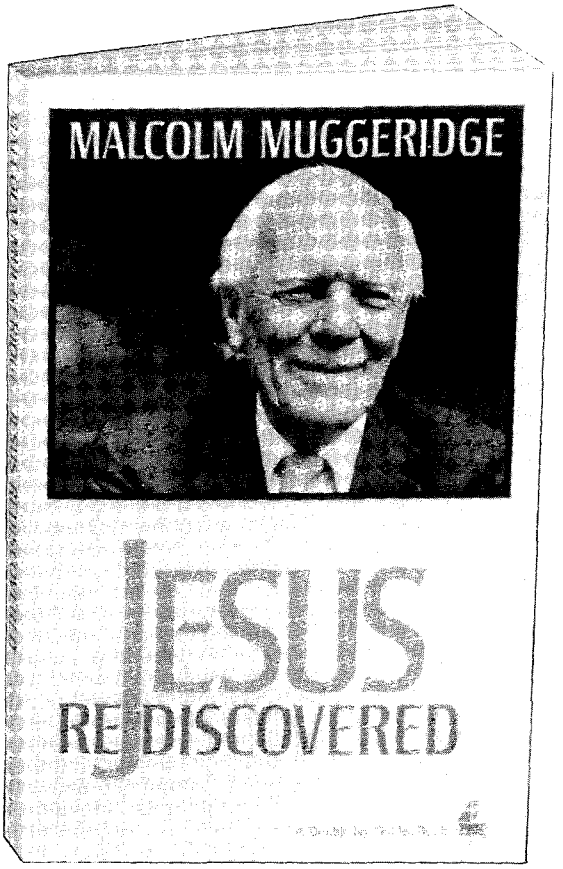
"A terrible, terrible sight, I don't know how to tell about it. Wounded everywhere. Little children and wom-

(Continues on page 61)

Mr. Frumkin is chairman of the Southern California Council for Soviet Jews. He gathered the material for this article from Possev, *the Russian-language magazine based in West Germany.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE IT IS!



(a book you'll never forget)

ONCE in a great while a book comes along that grips you from the opening page and remains with you for good. That happens to be a perfect description of *Jesus Rediscovered,* a most unusual book by the world-famous author Malcolm Muggeridge.

This isn't what you would ordinarily think of as a "religious" book at all. Far from it, in fact. Actually, it reads like an exciting novel. It's filled with marvelous examples of Muggeridge's wit and eloquence. Few if any other writers are able to so make their most important points with such zest and verve.

Jesus Rediscovered is not an especially large book (something over 200 pages) but it covers a lot of ground. In short order you are treated to a unique view of politics, science, technology, ethics, contemporary morality, and, of course, God and religion. On page after page you'll encounter things that will make you pause because you recognize something you have always known to be true but have never heard anyone say before. It's that kind of book—powerful stuff for an age of doubting Thomases.

Here's How to Get It Free!

Now you can get this wonderful book FREE with this special offer. All you have to do is subscribe (or extend your present subscription) to *National Review* for one year. Just fill out the handy card opposite this page, put it in an envelope along with your check or money order for $29, and mail it to us today.

We'll see that you get the next 25 exciting issues of NR and we'll send you a copy of *Jesus Rediscovered,* in the handsome new soft-cover edition ($6.95 retail), absolutely FREE and postpaid. That's all there is to it. But act now. Offer automatically expires when our supply of books is gone.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW NOT TO WIN AN ELECTION

ONCE UPON a time there was a politician who was so hungry for success that he bought a circus solely because he could then be raised by the show's levitator, which he figured was an excellent way of going up in the world and thereby getting a lot of attention and glory and votes.

He made his purchase after he saw the levitator, Henry Littlefinger, raise his wife, Sweetbread, a number of times. After each levitation, everybody cheered and crowded around the pair and asked them how they did it.

They always answered, "It's magic."

Well, the politician, whose name was Buster Gort, didn't know about the magic part of it, but he was certain that being part of the act would elevate his career.

So, he bought the circus, fired Sweetbread, and told Henry to levitate him from now on.

Henry and Sweetbread were mad as hell. Henry knew he could quit the circus and that he and Sweetbread could find another job with another circus, but they'd been with this one for years. It was their home, and they just couldn't leave it.

So, Henry began to levitate Buster Gort instead of Sweetbread. Henry hated it, but he hoped Buster would soon get tired of being levitated and give the job back to Sweetbread.

But Buster loved it. He loved the cheers, and he loved the glory, and he was sure that during the next election he would win whatever office he wanted. "I sure am a good person to be levitated," he bragged. "A natural riser. In fact, I'm so good I bet I can even raise myself."

"So, try it," said Henry.

So, Buster lay down on his back and said, "Hocus-pocus, siss boom bah," which is what Henry said when he levitated Sweetbread or Buster.

Nothing happened.

"Hocus-pocus, siss boom bah!"

Nothing happened.

"HOCUS-POCUS, SISS BOOM BAH!"

Buster huffed and puffed and groaned and grunted and said, "Hocus-pocus, siss boom bah," over and over, but he *didn't rise even one inch.*

Henry could hardly keep from laughing. "You don't have any magic," he told Buster Gort.

"I do!"

"You don't!"

"I do!"

They yelled back and forth until Buster got so mad that he threatened to fire Henry, too. "I'll get somebody else to levitate me!" he bawled. "I'm so good that *anybody* can levitate me! Besides, it's all a trick! You don't have any magic. If you don't tell me how to levitate myself, I'm going to *fire you!*"

"It's no trick," Henry said. "It's magic."

"It's not! It's a trick! You're a fraud! After our act today, you're fired!"

Henry had never been so mad. No one had ever called him a fraud.

And right then he thought of a way he could show Buster—and everybody else—that he wasn't a fraud. He would show them he really had the power of magic.

So, that day, outside the circus tent, he worked his magic harder than he ever had. When he said, "Hocus-pocus, *siss boom bah!*" Buster went up a foot, faster than he ever had.

Everybody cheered and clapped.

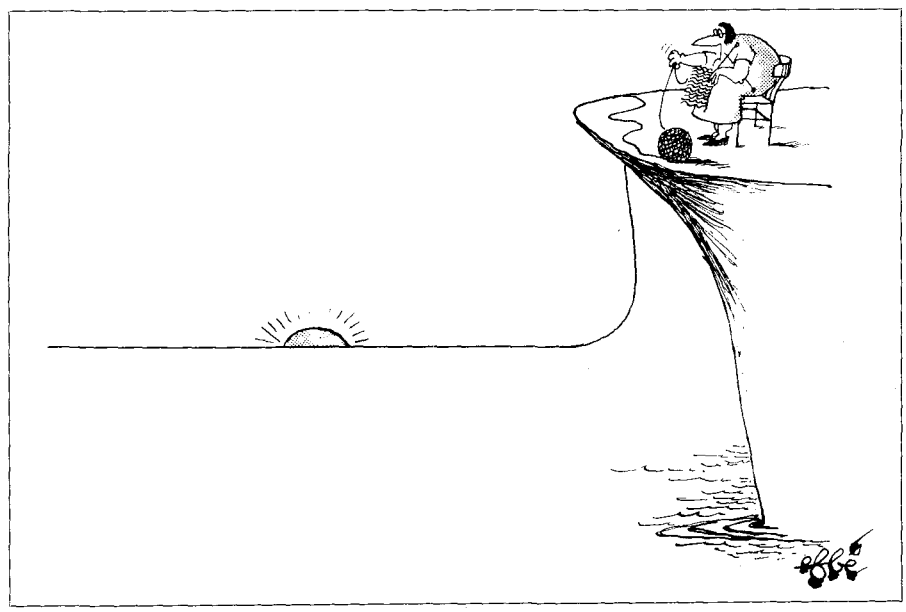
And when he said, "Hocus-pocus, siss boom bah!" a second time, Buster rose almost another foot.

Everybody cheered and clapped harder.

And when he said, "Hocus-pocus, siss boom bah!" a third time, Buster shot up one more foot so fast that he looked very, very surprised.

But when Henry said, "Hocus-pocus, siss boom bah!" a fourth time, Buster Gort looked more than surprised —much more—as he rose up . . . and Up . . . and UP . . . until he sailed right through the clouds.

Moral: There's nothing wrong with a politician's getting a lot of attention and glory and even votes by going up in the world, but if he gets too high on himself and wants to come down in one piece he sure as hell better have some magic of his own, buster. □



©frans de boer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"CATHOLICISM IN CRISIS is the one magazine we can count on selling out of . . ."

THOMAS MORE BOOK SHOP
Cambridge, Mass.

Like its secular counterpart, the Catholic press has careened leftward, and now seems to identify Christianity and the liberal agenda. Out of touch with our rich tradition of social and political thought, many Catholic writers simply endorse the fading political orthodoxy that brought us abortion on demand, the confusion of family with any odd menage, and latterly the notion that religious and moral beliefs should never guide the politician's hand.

**When American Catholics support Latin American revolutionaries who persecute the Church, insult the Pope and espouse Marxism — that is a crisis.*

**When American Catholic politicians grumble about separation of Church and State on being reminded that their faith has moral consequences — that is a crisis.*

**When a national Catholic paper runs an article likening President Reagan and Adolf Hitler — that is a crisis.*

**When the Washington bureaucracy of the Church diverts the bishops into signing skewed letters on broad issues while a catechism used for 17 years in many dioceses has to be withdrawn by Rome — that is a crisis.*

Founded by Ralph McInerny and Michael Novak, CATHOLICISM IN CRISIS began publication in November, 1982 as a corrective of confusion and a conduit of reason and moderation.

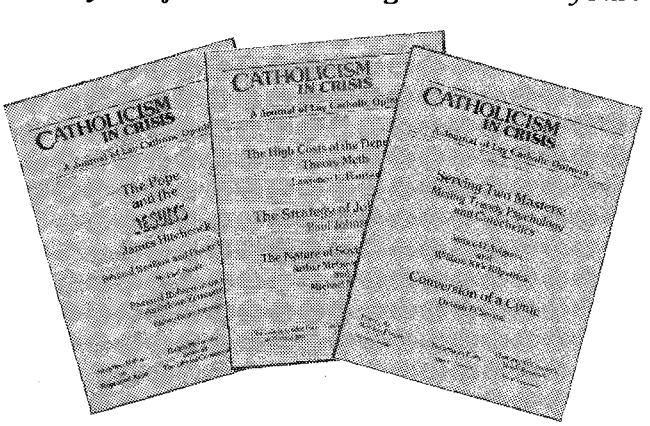
Michael Novak's "Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age" first appeared in our pages as did major excerpts from James Hitchcock's "The Pope and the Jesuits."

Tom Bethell contributes a monthly Presswatch. Father James Schall writes a regular column on spirituality. Phil Lawler keeps our readers up to date on the doings of the USCC. Terry Hall is our Managing Editor.

WHO WRITES FOR CATHOLICISM IN CRISIS?

George Weigel * Humberto Belli * James Finn * Ed Marciniak * Mary Rousseau * Dinesh D'Souza * Jeane Kirkpatrick * Peter Berger * Phyllis Zagano * John Hittinger * Richard John Neuhaus * Ernest Fortin * Midge Decter * J. M. Cameron * Monsignor George Kelly * J. Brian Benestad * Quentin L. Quade * Joan Frawley * Stephen Tonsor * Glenn Olsen * Jude Dougherty * Admiral James Watkins * James J. McFadden * Thomas Langan * Juli Loesch * Robert Spaeth * Russell Hittinger * Kerry Koller * Christopher Wolfe * Ronald McArthur * Thomas Molnar * Helen Hull * Desmond FitzGerald * Robert Barry OP * Gregory Wolfe * Mary Zingleman * Allen C. Carlson * James Hitchcock * Eugene McCarthy . . . and the list goes on and on.

CATHOLICISM IN CRISIS has entered the postconciliar fray with civility and panache. Why not join us as we begin our third year?



Quick Action Order Form

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ St. _____ Zip _____
Tel. (___) _____

Call – (219)239-6603
Or Mail Today . . .

CATHOLICISM IN CRISIS
P.O. Box 495
Notre Dame, IN 46556
A Journal Of Lay Catholic Opinion

PRICES

– 1 year subscription (U.S.A.) – $19.95; 2 years – $36.00 (10% off!)
Indiana residents add 5% sales tax – $1.00
– 1 year air mail subscription (Foreign) – $30.00
(Only U.S. Dollars or International Money Orders accepted)
– Single issue – $2.00

TYPE OF PAYMENT DESIRED

– ☐ Check or money order enclosed
– ☐ VISA
– ☐ MasterCard
– ☐ Bill me

MasterCard VISA

NAME _____
ACCT. NO. _____
EXPIRATION DATE _____
SIGNATURE _____

Thank you for your order! You'll be pleased.

NR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ABROAD

PARIS *Trouble in Automobiles*

The French automobile industry is under heavy pressure from both foreign competition and domestic maneuvers to avoid job cuts, which adds up to a crisis of confidence in the future of French automotive achievement. Something like a million Frenchmen and Frenchwomen depend directly or indirectly on the production of state-owned Renault and private-sector Peugeot, the world's fifth and seventh largest car manufacturers respectively. In the last three years, in competition with American, German, and Japanese cars, these two companies have lost almost $1.2 billion. They badly need to cut their employee rolls and to modernize their equipment and management. About 230,000 employees work directly for these two firms, and the total will have to be reduced by 30 per cent in the coming years if they are to remain competitive. This is bad news for any economy but particularly bad for the French socialist government. French car makers are up front with their technology and design, but they have failed to generate sufficient profits to reinvigorate plants despite large loans from nationalized banks and from the government itself. By contrast, the American car industry cut its work force by one-third between 1979 and 1982; in the first six months of 1984 it was able to announce profits of $6.5 billion. To give an example of French job sensitivity, the government has rejected a plan devised by Citroën, a subsidiary of Peugeot, to cut its 44,000-man work force by six thousand, most of which would represent early retirements and voluntary departures. The official reason was that conditions in the industry and the market had not changed sufficiently to warrant such a step, but the real reason was the fear of inflicting another large-scale job loss on the French economy, not to mention French opinion.

PALERMO *Being Sicilian*

Like many other European countries, Italy is plagued occasionally by demonstrations of regional feistiness. Lately, political groups in Sardinia have shown restiveness in respect to the central authority in Rome. But it was nevertheless a shock for the government to hear a leading Sicilian politician speak recently at a trade fair of "the Sicilian nation" and dismiss the rest of Italy as "a geographical expression waiting for nationhood." Regional minister Carlo Vizzini chose to rebuke the speaker by implying that being Sicilian, *sicilianitá*, was another way of describing the struggle against backwardness, which, he continued, "ought to be conducted by using all the resources disposable to us and not by exhibitionism that is absolutely out of place."

CONAKRY *And Now the South Atlantic*

The Soviet Union is reported to be developing a naval air station in the minute island country of São Tomé and Principe in the Gulf of Guinea off the west coast of Africa. From there, long-distance reconnaissance planes, formerly based here in Guinea itself, would be able to sweep vast stretches of the South Atlantic, a region only casually patrolled by Western aircraft. São Tomé and Principe were formally part of the Portuguese colonial empire. With a population of less than one hundred thousand, they form one of the smallest of the microstates and have attracted little attention, other than having an extreme left-wing government. Lying two hundred miles off the coast of the continent, they are believed to harbor several hundred Russian and Cuban soldiers and technicians. A certain number of troops from Angola are also thought to be there in training. The same reports say that the local airfield is being developed into a facility for long-range aircraft. Such planes formerly used the big runways of the Conakry airport until landing rights were withdrawn by the Guinean government.

WARSAW *The Workers' Scab*

Communist Poland has broken its agreement with British coal miners to limit exports of Polish coal to Britain. The British government has been locked in a fierce struggle with the coal miners who have been on strike for seven months without any agreement in sight. Originally the agreement between the Polish authorities and Arthur Scargill, mine union president, had stipulated a limit of 750,000 tons exported to Britain this year. But by the end of August, Poland had already shipped 900,000 tons.

MUNICH *To the Lip*

It had to happen sometime, but it took the huge orgy of the Oktoberfest in Munich to reveal the fact that one of the leading brewers in the country does not fill his customers' liter-sized steins to the brim with beer. The brewer, Richard Süssmeier, has been fined four thousand marks ($1,300) for this practice. His friends say he is a victim of an unfair campaign being carried on against short beer. Because of the foam, they continue, it is difficult to fill a stein completely to the brim, and moreover the task takes a lot of time. But Munich officials claim they counted 198 liter steins sold from a 152-liter barrel.

Scully, *Punch* / Rothco

"Take it from me, John. Being rich beyond the dreams of avarice isn't enough anymore."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME NEW FORCES IN AMERICA HAVE OUR GOVERNMENT ROPED AND TIED.

AND THEY'RE TRYING TO MAKE THE FREE MARKET THEIR RODEO.

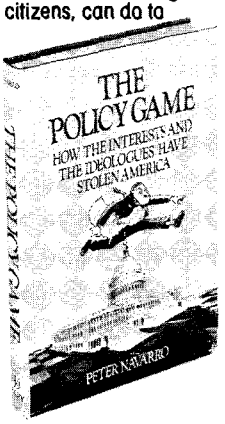
The new game in town has chilling implications for America's continued power and prosperity. It's the policy game, and it's played by this rule: anything special interest groups or ideologues can strongarm into action, goes; private citizens stand aside. These aren't your average rodeo cowboys—and their New Protectionism, among other misguided policies, is costing consumers $50 billion per year.

The Policy Game explains **how** this has come to happen and **why** our government is no longer working. Most important, Harvard's Peter Navarro shows us what we, as citizens, can do to call the game.

"...Bound to be a shocking eye-opener to those Americans who truly think their government represents the public interest."
—William E. Simon
Former Secretary of the Treasury

"...A readable, well-documented, boldly stated, and richly informative account of the influence of ideology, special interests, and economic analysis on public policy."
—Kenneth R. Andrews, Editor
Harvard Business Review

"A useful primer for the nation's 82 million taxpayers....Sounds an urgent call to action by an informed and aroused electorate."
—J. Peter Grace
Chairman and CEO
W.R. Grace & Co.



$18.95 Available at your local bookstore.

JOHN WILEY & SONS INC. 605 Third Avenue New York, N.Y. 10158

5-1564

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOWARD THE BARREL'S BOTTOM

Forrest McDonald

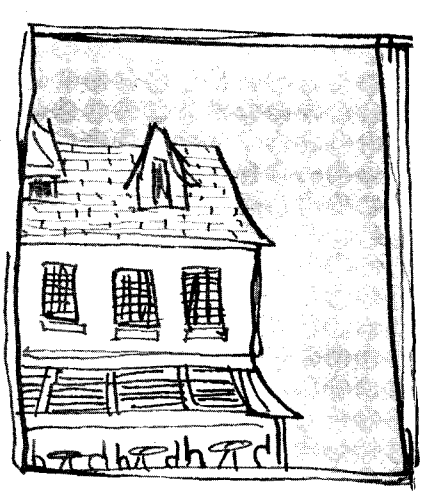
The Kennedys: Dynasty and Disaster, 1848-1983, by John H. Davis (McGraw-Hill, 722 pp., $24.95)

THIS, AS YOU may be able to divine from its title, is a book about the Kennedys. Not, as many readers may rashly leap to assume, the heirs and assigns of Woodrow Kennedy, that dashing young Baptist minister who looked more like Doug Fairbanks Jr. than young Doug himself, and who burst upon the evangelical scene in Orange, Texas, in 1938 or 1939, and subsequently married our Nazarene neighbor, Miss Agnes Meeks. Rather, it is yet another book about the Kennedys of southeastern Ireland, the first of whom emigrated to the United States in the 1840s. This is the branch of the clan that, after a couple of generations, produced an extremely rich man who aspired to have his sons become Presidents of the United States and, in a manner of speaking, succeeded.

The perspective in this version of the story is an interesting one: John H. Davis is a Bouvier (a first cousin of Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis), whose previous works include a history of his own family. Unsurprisingly, the tone of his study of the Kennedys is somewhat supercilious, gossipy, and even catty. He has, however, done a thorough job of research, and, except for occasional repetitiveness, he has told the tale well. The result is an absorbing book and probably as accurate a one as can be pieced together from currently available sources.

And what is the significance of the saga? Davis's own view is summed up toward the end of the book: "The ancient Greeks had a word to describe the trait that destroyed the Kennedy brothers. It was *hubris*, which to the Greeks meant 'excessive pride and arrogance that offends the gods.' " The verdict might be appropriate for Father Joe, but as for the sons, though they had pride and arrogance in abundance, there was too much soap-opera sleaze about their lives to warrant so grandiose a pronouncement. Consider young Joe, killing himself (and incidentally his copilot) in a desperate attempt to outshine the PT-boat heroics of his younger brother, which in fact turn out to have been bogus. Consider Jack, carrying on an endless succession of tawdry affairs with one floozy after another, including a two-year fling with Judith Campbell, who during the same period was sleeping with Mafia hoods Sam Giancana and Johnny Roselli. Consider Bobby, continuously engaged in plots and counterplots and vendettas against Jimmy Hoffa, the Mafia, Fidel Castro, and anybody else who came into his line of vision. And consider Teddy.

For a more appropriate parallel in the ancient world, one might turn to Plutarch's account of the last days of the Roman Republic. His biographies of Caius Marius and Lucius Cornelius Sulla are especially instructive, for Marius and Sulla were willing to destroy the republic in their relentless pursuit of power. The Kennedys, like those Romans, had an insatiable thirst for power—not as a means whereby to accomplish anything, but for its own sake—and a counterpart adolescent joy in competition for its own sake. Politics was a game to them, a game to be won at all costs and by whatever tactics, fair or foul, that proved necessary. Thus as he campaigned for the Presidency in 1960, Jack Kennedy had no idea what he would do if he should be elected, and indeed had almost no interest in the subject.



When he was elected, it took him a while to realize that what he had won was the obligation to play with the big kids. At first he was unmanned by the experience. He took on Howard W. Smith of the House Rules Committee and was clobbered; and he never got a single major bill through Congress. He approved the Bay of Pigs invasion but lacked the nerve to give it adequate air cover or other support. He met Khrushchev in Vienna and returned home shaking his head in disbelief and muttering about how tough Khrushchev was. But after a time he began to get into the spirit of the presidential game as he conceived it: a series of high-risk, high-stakes *mano-a-mano* confrontations with Khrushchev, Castro, J. Edgar Hoover, and —through Bobby—the Mafia and the

Forrest McDonald is a professor of history at the University of Alabama.

Joe Mysak, assistant managing editor of The Bond Buyer *in New York, is also a regular contributor to* The American Spectator.

Terry Teachout is assistant editor of Illini Review *and a student of psychology at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign.*

Henrik Bering-Jensen was educated at Oxford and works as a critic, specializing in books on American-European relations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Teamsters. It must be admitted that he was a fearless player who laid his life on the line without blinking, almost as if he were deliberately courting death. In this global-scale game of chicken, this international version of bumper-tag, it seems to have concerned him but rarely that the stakes were also other people's lives.

The unreality of the Kennedys' conception of the Presidency was epitomized by a small incident that took place at Jack's wake. The author of this book spotted Rose Kennedy and went over to offer his condolences. He was astonished to hear her respond "in a cool, utterly controlled voice: 'Oh, thank you, Mr. Davis, but don't worry. Everything will be all right. You'll see. Now it's Bobby's turn.' "

Bobby's turn was brief, and then it was Teddy's. Of all the griefs that Rose Kennedy was called upon to bear, one would think that Teddy must have been the most burdensome. His brothers were ruthless, self-seeking, and devoid of morality, but they were also tough, witty, charming, articulate, and graceful under pressure. Ted shares their faults but is pathetically lacking in their other attributes. Here is Teddy as presidential candidate in 1980: "We should expedite the synfuels program through the process of expediting." "We must face the problems we are facing as we have always faced the problems we have faced." "Roll up your sleeves and your mothers and fathers." "And we can make our country once again the all-American country we know it can be."

What is awesome to contemplate is that not even Teddy is the bottom of the barrel. □

RECONNAISSANCE IN FORCE

Joe Mysak

Winston Churchill, by Piers Brendon (Harper & Row, 234 pp., $16.95)

IN THE PAST two years, Ted Morgan has published six hundred pages on Winston Churchill (from birth to 1915), William Manchester almost one thousand (the first of two volumes, taking Churchill to 1939), and Martin Gilbert, his official biographer, over 1,300 (1939 to 1941). This may seem excessive, but, as has been observed, an epic subject invites a certain excess.

Now Piers Brendon, a British scholar turned popular historian, essays to do the job in a little more than two hundred pages. "The vast accumulation of knowledge about Churchill is in some ways an obstacle to understanding him," writes Mr. Brendon, who adds that this biography "aims to present the general reader with what is amazingly not otherwise obtainable—a vivid, balanced, complete but miniature portrait of Winston Churchill set against the background of his career."

The result is a curious exercise akin to those formerly undertaken by sporting literary men on a bet, and Mr. Brendon very nearly succeeds in winning that bet. For while cynics might argue that this was a rush job designed to capitalize on the current mania for Churchill, *Winston Churchill* is nonetheless a brilliant *tour de force*, even if it is not quite Winston Churchill. Recounting ninety years at such breakneck speed, especially ninety years as densely packed as Churchill's, inevitably produces distortion. Along the way, other characters are minimized or lost altogether, and even the Churchill who dances through these pages seems brilliant but unsound, which in fact was an early political appraisal of the man. Mr. Brendon is not seduced by the minutiae of existence, and he is not tedious. Nevertheless, he is subject to the same criticism he levels at Churchill for his *Great Contemporaries* (1937): He is better at telling what his subject did than what he was like.

Had Churchill been only a writer, or a soldier, or a sportsman, or a journalist, or a politician, the author might have turned out a satisfying and accurate biography. But Churchill was all of these, as well as a historian, diplomat, and painter. Had Mr. Brendon chosen to write of only one aspect of Churchill's career, he might have produced a substantial, longish essay. Instead, he has chosen to give an overview, and it is filled with some insight, some overwriting, and some foolishness.

What is one to make of lines like, "South Africa was a fairyland full of dragons to slay and pots of gold to be won"? Or (summing up Churchill's

Speak French like a diplomat!®

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel,* that's who.

Now you can learn to speak French just as these diplomatic personnel do—with the Foreign Service Institute's Basic French Course.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn French at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The Basic French Course consists of a series of cassettes and an accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in French!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "pattern drill" learning method, you set your own pace—testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Introductory Basic French Course comes in two parts, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Part A introduces the simpler forms of the language and a basic vocabulary. Part B presents more complex structures and additional vocabulary. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Basic French, Part A.** 12 cassettes (15 hr.), and 194-p. text, $125.

☐ **Basic French, Part B.** 18 cassettes (25 hr.), and 290-p. text, $149.

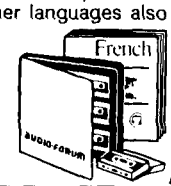
(Conn. and N.Y residents add sales tax.)

TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE NUMBER: **1-800-243-1234.**

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order — or charge to your credit card (VISA, MasterCard, AmEx, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's French course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn French, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

116 courses in 39 other languages also available. Write for free catalog. Our 12th year.



Audio-Forum
Room 824
On-The-Green,
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794

AUDIO-FORUM®

All orders received by Dec. 14 will be delivered before the holidays!
Or visit our New York sales office: 145 E. 49th St., New York, NY 10017 (212) 753-1783.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

☐ LAST OCTOBER TITLES: *Survival Is Not Enough* (Simon & Schuster, $16.95), by Richard Pipes, argues that neither détente nor containment will bring the Soviet Union to heel but rather a policy of firmness characterized by economic sanctions and an embargo on technology exports. The Kremlin's grand strategy of expansionism, Pipes believes, is a means by which the country conceals its weaknesses from its people, with whom it must be at peace before international peace can be possible.

Graham Greene's *Getting to Know the General* (Simon & Schuster, $14.95) is the novelist's account of his friendship with General Omar Torrijos Herrera, whom he met on trips to Panama between 1976 and 1981 and accompanied to Washington for the signing of the Panama Canal Treaty. Greene believes that Torrijos's death in a plane crash was the result of reactionary machinations, accomplished perhaps with the aid of the CIA.

The Mysterious William Shakespeare: The Myth and the Reality (Dodd, Mead, $25), by Charlton Ogburn and with a Foreword by David McCullough, makes the case for crediting the famous literary canon to Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford. . . . *A Proust Souvenir* (Vendome/Viking, $17.95), by William Howard Adams, identifies the models who stood for many of the characters that populate *Remembrance of Things Past*. . . . In *Frost: A Literary Life Reconsidered* (Oxford, $15.95) William H. Pritchard offers an alternative to the selfish, almost malevolent Frost portrayed in Lawrence Thompson's three-volume biography.

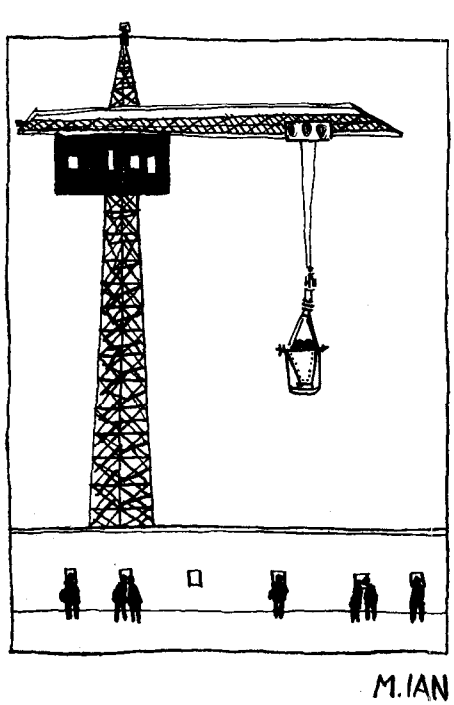
☐ SOME NOVEMBER TITLES: *A Prisoner of Martial Law: Poland, 1981-1982* (Harcourt, Brace, $15.95), by Jan Mur, translated by Lillian Vallee and with an Introduction by David Ost, is a fascinating journal of the eight-month imprisonment of a Solidarity activist in an internment camp near Gdansk. . . . Edward Crankshaw's *Putting Up with the Russians* (Viking, $17.95) is a collection of columns and excerpts from longer works by the British journalist, who believes that the Soviet Union is nothing new under the sun but simply "Eternal Russia under a new management." —CW

twenties), "These were his champagne years, when the proximity of death made him fizz and sparkle with life"? Or, "Winston, though no respecter of military mystique, never forgot the lessons of fighting on horseback—the supreme need for 'pluck,' 'dash,' and 'offensive spirit.' In many ways he remained all his life a subaltern of hussars . . ."? Churchill buffs may agree with these judgments, but they are not Mr. Brendon's target audience. And that audience will come away mystified. Statements like these require more historical exposition than is possible in a book this size.

To say that Churchill was "invested with magical attributes and imbued with seraphic or demonic capacities" is not enough. And even an amateur could detect a false note in "His promotion to the war cabinet [in 1939] was chiefly an acknowledgment that he possessed par excellence that surprisingly rare political commodity—courage—the quality which, as Churchill wrote, guarantees all the rest."

On the other side of the ledger, Mr. Brendon has a keen understanding of Churchill's own finest hour, those dark days of World War II when he rallied the British to face the Nazis alone. Onlookers said Churchill changed. Mr. Brendon contends, "What really happened was that the nation changed and Churchill stayed the same. For a short spell, indeed, he created a new Britain in his own image . . . History came to meet him. With sonorous, archaic language he revived the dormant instincts of national grandeur and inspired a mood of patriotic self-confidence."

Most important of all, Mr. Brendon demonstrates that Churchill was one of those relics, those dinosaurs, who fought all his life for duty, honor, and country in the rearguard action such men fight and have always fought. That he does so within the boundaries he has set for himself, in a Churchillian "reconnaissance in force," proves a stylish mastery that the flaws of this book cannot vitiate. ☐



ARCH WARRIOR

Joseph Sobran

The Leaning Tower of Babel, by Richard Mitchell (Little, Brown, 279 pp., $14.95)

READERS OF *The Underground Grammarian* may enjoy Richard Mitchell's latest collection therefrom, *The Leaning Tower of Babel*. I should begin by saying I've never managed to become an admirer; I've always found the quirky newsletter unreadable, and this concentrated sampling helps me understand why, even though I agree strongly with most of what Mitchell has to say.

It would be an understatement to call him a critic of modern education: He is a man at war. But he chooses a weapon he doesn't wield very well, namely satire. And so when he is angriest, he tends to sound precious and supercilious. I'm reminded of the teacher in *The Catcher in the Rye* who cautions Holden Caulfield against acquiring just enough education to smirk at people who say "between you and I." Mitchell should have heeded that.

It's easy to gather samplings of educationese like this: "Our school's cross-graded multi-ethnic, individualized learning program is designed to enhance the concept of an open-ended learning program with emphasis on a continuum of multi-ethnic, academically enriched learning using the . . ." And it's easy to find samples of student prose like this: "The automobile one of man's greatest achievements for transportation. Now it can not be used because man has wasted all of the nature oil of the earth. It is studied and the result is that man could have developed a less wasteful type of transportation."

All highly deplorable, no doubt. But it doesn't inspire much hope when the critic himself does no better than this:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> Little by little it became obvious even to the dimmest of curriculum coordinators and program supervisors that the public's alarm about minimum competence could be turned into more jobs for their ilk and bigger staffs for just about every department in the educationist bureaucracy. It is an axiom of these jaunty functionaries that there are no problems, only challenges and opportunities, and this was one of the richest opportunities since the invention of guidance counselors.

If you read these congested sarcasms a couple of times, you begin to see what Mitchell is driving at, but his meaning has to be untwined from his mockery. His tone, instead of giving energy to his sense, obscures it. He is tangled in self-pleased cleverness.

He announces that he "does not intend to educate anyone. We intend rather to ridicule, humiliate, and infuriate those who abuse our language not so that they will do better but so that they will stop using language entirely or at least go away." Huh? The implied promise of rollicking invective is better left unkept. Mitchell is most interesting when he is quite serious, not when he archly invites us to congratulate ourselves on the gulf of taste, culture, and basic syntactical skill that divides us from the "educationists."

He rightly observes that "these educationists, pretenders to egalitarianism, hold even their own students in contempt." To prove that they are "unwitting agents of tyranny and thought control," he cites a chilling proclamation of the Association of California School Administrators:

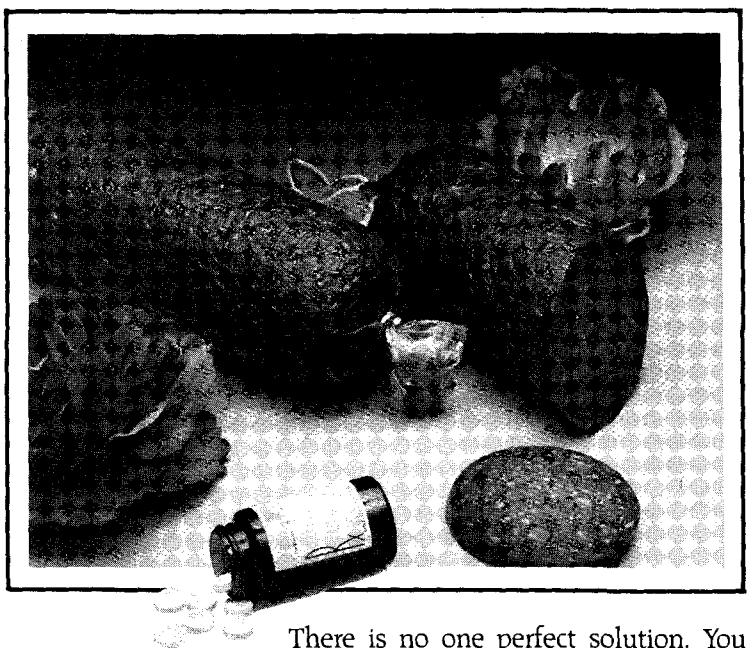
> "Parent choice" proceeds from the belief that the purpose of education is to provide individual students with an education [say the administrators]. In fact, educating the individual is but a means to the true end of education, which is to create a viable social order to which individuals contribute and by which they are sustained. "Family choice" is, therefore, basically selfish and anti-social in that it focuses on the "wants" of a single family rather than the "needs" of society.

As Mitchell says, this is worthy of Lenin. Though Mitchell takes a plague-on-both-your-houses stance toward politicians, there is no question that the authors of this manifesto would prefer Walter Mondale to Ronald Reagan.

Mitchell is worth quoting at length on the subject of the public schools:

> Public education, no less than the Marine Corps or the Internal Revenue Serv-

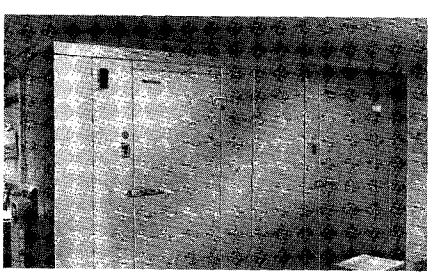
From penicillin to peonies to pepperoni.



There is no one perfect solution. You either stay flexible, or you go out of business. Vollrath coolers and freezers have proven their flexibility for years. From low temperature cooling to blast freezing. From fast food restaurants to ocean-going fish factories. From flower shops to in-flight airline kitchens. From cafeteria lines to chemical companies. Vollrath delivers the performance you need to help you keep your operation flexible.

Vollrath has designed, built, and now stocks 120 standard models of indoor and outdoor walk-in coolers and freezers, as well as mobile buffets, refrigerated warehouses, and specialized refrigeration systems. Today, Vollrath coolers and freezers are used by restaurants, schools, hospitals, supermarkets, convenience stores, bakeries, florists, mortuaries, hotels, and manufacturing and processing plants . . . around the world.

If you would like more information about quality refrigeration systems, contact Terry Kohler, CEO.



Vollrath's modular panel design makes construction simple and expandable.

VOLLRATH

The Vollrath Company
1236 North 18th Street • P.O. Box 611 • Sheboygan, WI 53081
Telephone: 414-457-4851

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ice, is a creature of government and an instrument of its policies. Its meager remnant of "civilian control," the elected school board, has been effectively disfranchised by the mandates of government, which leave little uncontrolled. Public education serves one master, and that master is rich and powerful.

"The functionaries of every government," wrote Jefferson, "have propensities to command at will the liberty and property of their constituents." Is that any less true when the "functionaries of government" just happen to be bureaucrats in some department of "education"? Have they not commanded our property, in countless billions, only to squander it on fads and gimmicks and nonsensical "research" and lucrative consultancies for others of their tribe? Have they not commanded our liberty and our very persons in the cause of ideological adjustment? How long would we bear such intrusive and manipulative behavior in other functionaries of government, in the Coast Guard, for example, or the Motor Vehicle Bureau?

It is hard not to share his fury at other follies and fanatics of what now passes itself off as education. He tells us of one packet of "instructional materials" announcing a new version of "Jack and the Beanstalk" with—so help me—a revised, nonviolent ending, in which the Giant is *not* killed. The reviser explains that the Giant's death "would have no bearing on the issues being examined."

Such bland nonsense causes Mitchell to fume:

These people hate literature. It stands for everything they stand against. A work of literature comes from one, solitary mind, not from the consensus of a collective. It is an unequivocal assertion that *this is so*. It abides, or it dies, but it will not negotiate. It comes before us neither as a supplicant nor a defendant, but as a judge. It cares nothing for our favorite notions or our self-esteem. And it offends in us what most deserves offense—petulant sectarian touchiness, facile social supposition, and especially smug self-righteousness.

There is truth in this, but somehow it misses the mark. I don't know that I'd call Homer and Shakespeare "solitary minds." Art and myth have something of a social character, though to be sure they are at an opposite pole from committee reports, and Mitchell is infinitely nearer the truth than the sort of cretin who can assume that "issues" are being "examined" in "Jack and the Beanstalk." Now and then I have the awful feeling that Mitchell wants to turn back the clock to his youth, when his notions were current. That is the difference between a mere reactionary and a true conservative: The reactionary wants to turn the clock back a few years, but the conservative wants to turn it back centuries. So the conservative is more practical, while the reactionary is just peevish.

I for one take only occasional pleasure in Mitchell's war on pseudo-education. But I'm glad to know he's out there fighting it. □

PERELMAN'S BOOK OF MARTYRS

D. Keith Mano

That Old Gang o' Mine: The Early and Essential S. J. Perelman, edited by Richard Marschall (Morrow, 160 pp., $12.95)

I WAS EATING some skeet I'd shot (try to clean them, it'll drive you crazy) along with several raw unfolded origami and a Baltimore chop, when this book came for review. How do they swallow those food stamps, anyhow? Tried calling Dial-a-Gesundheit all day, guess I'm allergic to Perelman. Ho, said my druggist, in his capsule commentary, take one before you corn-row your arm hair, maybe the thing'll read itself. I'm not a hard critic, but I doubt if Mr. Zapruder's latest film can match his .357 magnum opus. Brilliant . . . apocalyptic . . . well shot. I think this paragraph will play at select area barns in September along with some 12-tone gravestone rubbings I've just done. Listen, today exceptional children are retarded, so what d'you expect? In the Arctic it took time to be an overnight success—at least six months. Tell me, WFB, if you still read back here, why do I haveta send my column to Kemmerer, Wyoming, every issue, huh?*

Well, if you can stand to read forty-weight prose of that sort, then I heartlessly recommend this book. Someone should protect dead writers from people who collect and publish their juvenilia. (Did that sound like a dirty word? Did to me.) This is S. J. Perelman material—almost lost, but no such luck—taken from *Judge* (1925-1931) a national college-humor review. I fell asleep over it four nights running, sitting. As Richard Marschall (the culprit himself) has written: "No wonder his pieces were never more than article length—such roller-coaster rides in short trips were exhilarating; longer assaults on our assumptions would have been exhausting." So what did the damn fool do? Right, he put together a 160-page assault. I mean, some people never learn.

Not that PERELMAN is without IMAGINATION—good GRIEF, if only he WERE now and then, I wouldn't need to wear this darn GOALIE'S MASK. His associative mind boiled quite off: I'd rather read Hegel while smoking Utah mushrooms. Each sentence, each paragraph, is in danger of capsizing. A railroad track with two thousand switch frogs per mile—pun, allusion, idiomatic quirk, whatever, can shunt sense off, good-bye. It's almost as if SJP didn't trust his ability to manage sequential narrative. Like a middle-rank abstract painter, he stumped criticism with surreal images instead of committing himself to some judgeable coherence. I imagine he does have a swell ear (this at age 21 to 26) for cliché and the popular written genre—but that might be rather hard to estimate accurately in 1984. It is all more intense and unrelieved than *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*. And you can put my name in there, too, now.

Perelman began as a cartoonist—a dreadful one. Marschall: "Every drawing would parody either some moldy Victorian sentiment or some fusty scene from sources like Currier and Ives . . ." Hey, Currier and Ives were Abbott and Costello compared to this phlebitic material. The artwork has less animation than cuneiform—by 1925, I guess, they hadn't invented sight gags yet. Oh, you say, humor must be down below, in his caption. Yah, but the text (an egregious pun without fail) is totally unrelated to whatever was drawn up above. Picture of mother and son: caption, a pun about cows. So there. All this, mind, is intentional—kind of, "Oh, so you expected to laugh, did you?" drollery. Perelman adds a tag line mocking his own precious witlessness. "And they shot Lincoln, just think." Or "Stand back, boys, a woman has just fainted." I do believe they call this "zany" humor. A

*An inside joke. Not any better than the outside ones—so just forget it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

word that can cause me to run from the room. Zany means so mindless that mindlessness itself is both punch line and double take. Or so they hope.

Perelman is categorized by my *Dictionary of American Biography* as a "humorist." We have black comedian now and slapstick artist and lampooner. The humorist pretty much went out with envelope chemises. This may be (I can't say for sure) a sad shame. Humorist, if I scan the term aright, means someone for whom amusement will lie most essentially in language. Today we expect more sensual impact, more intimateness from laughter—TV sitcom and radio and film have conditioned us to that. Any Perelman sentence is a Marx brother (Groucho hired SJP), but you won't come across the fawning intrusion of Archie Bunker or the assertive one-on-one of Richard Pryor. Humorists will be more detached and seldom passionate. Moreover, Perelman, though deft at parody, is no satirist. His scatterbrain, coy wit registers just an edgeless, general reproof. Satire should have some consistent POV. A promising young writer, but we'll have to see.

That Old Gang o' Mine has antiquarian interest: fun to note what made people laugh in 1925. The plumbing was also pretty primitive back then. It's ten after five, Boss, can I go home now? □

TELEVISION

MIND CANDY

Terry Teachout

Inside Prime Time, by Todd Gitlin (Pantheon, 369 pp., $16.95)

"DEMOCRACY," H. L. Mencken once wrote, "is the theory that the common people know what they want, and deserve to get it good and hard." Commercial television—the quality of which is the single most effective argument ever advanced against the free market—operates on much the same theory. Todd Gitlin, a West Coast academic with impeccably left-liberal credentials, offers in his new book, *Inside Prime Time*, a lot of ornate codicils to Mencken's typically blunt assertion. These can be skipped, fortunately, leaving the reader with a pretty convincing factual demonstration of the premise that commercial television, being a money-making enterprise, is naturally inclined to devote the bulk of its energies to the creation of what one television producer calls "mind candy." The conclusions that Mr. Gitlin draws from his researches are, of course, another story entirely; still, you will likely have as much fun digging up the author's axioms as he had planting them.

Inside Prime Time is really two books in one. The first is a sociological treatise full of the kind of chatty babble that (to lift a line from Robert Nisbet) gives cant a bad name:

> I started this book with a question—or rather a curiosity—about how much a show's commercial success depended on its "fit" with social trends abroad in the land. I also started with the notion that what sometimes gives commercial television its weird vitality, perhaps even its profitability, is its ability to borrow, transform—and deform—the energy of social and psychological conflict.

CARNEGIE HALL PRESENTS
BACH BY TURECK
A unique series by "The First Lady of Bach"
CARNEGIE HALL
15 Concerti for Oboe, Violin, Clavier; 3 Cantatas; Brandenburg Concerti Nos. 4 & 5; Trio Sonata from "A Musical Offering"—with assisting artists
PLUS: 2 Solo Recitals by Tureck, Piano
Oct. 11 (sold out), Nov. 8, Dec. 6, Jan. 24, Feb. 21, Mar. 21, 8:00 pm
Tickets: $12.50, $10, $8, $6, at Carnegie Hall Box Office. Charge tickets by phone: Call CarnegieCharge, 247-7800
A TRICENTENARY CELEBRATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Well, maybe—although my own feeling is that Mr. Gitlin could have knocked a cool hundred pages off the excessive length of his book by chopping out all the prose like this he could find and inserting one little axiom in its place: ordinary people watch commercial TV in search of 1) romance and 2) reinforcement. *That's* what it's all about.

There is, however, another and better book to be dealt with, the one to which Mr. Gitlin alludes when he says that he wants "to analyze and criticize network television not in the name of some Puritanical ideal of Instructive Art, but because, for the most part, this entertainment barely entertains." The first part of this sentence is, as we shall see, not exactly true; the second part is right on the money. And Mr. Gitlin wisely avoids the usual prefatory chapter telling us what utter garbage commercial TV unloads on a fully suspecting audience every night; he assumes that we've all seen *Three's Company* and *Dynasty* and *Fantasy Island*, that we don't need a couple of dozen high-minded plot synopses, and that he can (as Captain Furillo says on *Hill Street Blues*) cut to the chase.

Which he does with a vengeance: a whole string of shameless go-ahead-and-quote-me interviews with TV executives who blandly assert their God-given right to blow the top off the Nielsens by any means necessary. We meet Arnold Becker of CBS, the kind of guy who grabs for his Luger when

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

THE TITLE of *Smashing Liberal Icons: A Collection of Debates* (The Heritage Foundation, 214 Massachusetts Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; $6), by Ernest van den Haag, is somewhat misleading, insofar as only two of the Great Debater's opponents can be described—on the basis at least of their appearances in these fora between the beginning of 1981 and the end of 1983—as card-carrying liberals, while two others—George Gilder and Jeffrey Hart—are unapologetic, though not necessarily predictable, conservatives. (In the line of duty Jeffrey Hart has been called many things but never, to my knowledge, a Liberal Icon.) Nevertheless the logic behind the selections is obvious, the virtuosity of the featured artist taking precedence over the vehicle itself as well as over the performances of the supporting artists, some of them major talents in their own right. The result resembles a Maria Callas album made up of cuts taken from previous recordings of demanding but often second-rate works in which singers of equal note are temporarily and ritually assigned the status of mere back-ups.

Although the van den Haag temperament is nearly as notorious as the Callas one, it is scarcely at all—if ever—in evidence in the present set of exchanges, which are remarkable for a cool, even ingratiating, demeanor unnerving only in its incontrovertible lucidity. What we get from this collection (published by Heritage in commemoration of Professor van den Haag's recent seventieth birthday) is a portrait of a mind in action, as well as glimpses into the habits of being that sustain it. The intellectual excitement generated by these forays into a variety of loosely related topics will come as a surprise only to the previously uninitiated.

Ernest van den Haag is not an intuitive conservative but a rational one—which accounts for his being paired off against such "opponents" as George Gilder and Professor William H. Marshner of Christendom College, with whom he argues theories of natural law. He is, in the best sense of the term, a social scientist, who knows a great deal about almost everything and whose motto might be that of the great State of Missouri: Show Me. Thus, while praising the thrust of George Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty*, he takes issue with what he considers its "flirtations with metaphysics" as well as some of its more expansive claims, such as that the capitalist spirit is essentially altruistic. "I do not know to what extent," van den Haag remarks, "and whether intentionally or not, but I think the book equivocates between moral and economic terms." The John M. Olin Professor of Jurisprudence and Public Policy at Fordham is no enthusiast. He continues the attack:

> . . . [Gilder] says it is characteristic of capitalism—that [cultural solidarity] is characteristic of capitalism—whereas it is characteristic of the . . . *genus* called society. Society, without these bonds, cannot exist. These bonds also persist in capitalism. But they are not particularly characteristic of it. Indeed, one of the difficulties of capitalism is precisely that its institutions have a tendency to weaken these bonds. And that is one of the problems for which I have not found a solution. . . . When George points out that capitalism is the most efficient system, and therefore the most beneficial that the world has ever seen in providing goods and services, I agree. He also points out that capitalism has the further effect of producing more liberty for individuals, more freedom not only of consumption, but in general, for everyone, . . . and I agree. But I stop there. That is enough of a moral justification for capitalism. George goes further.

This kind of intellectual Realpolitik is van den Haag's trademark as a debater, and as a thinker. In response to the Reverend Robert Drinan's perfervid appeal for a global human-rights crusade, he observes:

> I do not favor "fighting Communism," much as I think it is a hateful ideology and an odious system of government. I favor fighting any Communist aggression against us or our friends, not because it is Communist but because it is aggression. . . . We cannot be . . . a world policeman. We can be, as John Quincy Adams said, . . . "a friend of liberty everywhere, but the custodian only of our own."

And on the subject of natural law:

> Jesus favored a certain notion of human nature. I think an Epicurean would have favored different ones. In the case of a revelation, there is no problem, but if we rely on nature—and we have to here—we do have a problem. And I do not see how even to approach solving it.

Only in arguing, against Jeffrey Hart, for the prohibition of pornography does he allow the mask of the scientist to slip, revealing the humanist beneath, the lover of Italian Romantic opera, in which love is something more than glands: ". . . I certainly agree with Jeffrey that in Dickens's time the artists had certain restraints which they do not have today. And look at the difference." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he hears the word "culture." ("I'm not interested in culture. I'm not interested in pro-social values. I have only one interest. That's whether people watch the program. That's my definition of good, that's my definition of bad.") We chat with Aaron Spelling, creator of *Charlie's Angels*, who assures us that "there are only seven original plots." We get the lowdown on made-for-TV movies from ABC's Brandon Stoddard, who singles out as the key factor in his acceptance of a script "the capacity for a movie to be understood by an audience after watching a ten-second film clip." We hear the impossible but true story of NBC's *6:00 Follies*, an unsuccessful Vietnam sitcom promoted with the slogan: "Meet those wild and wacky guys who brought you the news in Vietnam." (Morley Safer, laugh riot.) The fish line up in the barrel; Mr. Gitlin tosses in his dynamite. After a couple of hundred pages, you start to get tired of all the bloodshed.

Indeed, some of the interviews quoted in *Inside Prime Time* are so startling in their candor that one begins to wonder if Mr. Gitlin wasn't toting a syringe loaded with some sort of high-test truth drug. How else would Norman Lear—*Norman Lear*—have let his guard down so far as to make the following admission?

> Whether you write in Spokane, Washington, or Hartford, Connecticut, or Los Angeles, California, we all watch the same network news. It's exactly the same, wherever you are in this country. We all read whatever we read—*Time* or *Newsweek* or whatever. There are no local newspapers, except for really small towns. . . . They're all the same, the big newspapers. And that's where we feed, writers. We feed and drink from those wells.

And what could have possessed Ernest Kinoy (author of the *Roots* teleplay) to say on the record: "You can handle homosexuality—as long as you handle it in a lovely, tolerant fashion that will not upset the gay-liberation lobby"?* Moments like these make the platitudinous sociological foofaw with which *Inside Prime Time* is stuffed considerably easier to stomach.

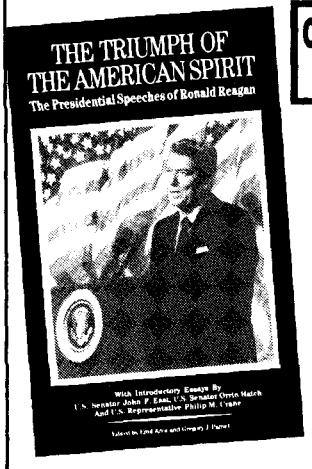
The best thing by far in *Inside Prime Time*, though, is a long chapter on NBC's *Hill Street Blues*, television's answer to *The Maltese Falcon*. Of particular interest is the gap Mr. Gitlin reveals between the political sympathies of the men who make *Hill Street Blues* and the dramatic impact of the show itself. Says *HSB* co-creator Michael Kozoll:

> I guess you'd say we're liberal, probably unfashionably liberal people politically. I guess we all feel that the government could be doing more to help ameliorate some terrible situations. I don't think we're cop-lovers at all. . . . I sometimes wonder if we aren't a little out of fashion with the rest of the country.

That's the kind of talk you'd expect to hear from someone like Ed Asner; the remarkable thing is that these sentiments are simply not reflected in *Hill Street Blues*, a show in which nice people get their heads blown off by slum gangs, disillusioned liberals start keeping pistols in their purses, reform-minded politicians are regularly scalded by the hot springs of ghetto anarchy.

Todd Gitlin calls *Hill Street Blues* "the first post-liberal cop show," adding that "social movements had no place in *Hill Street*'s conception of heroism. Heroism was a lonely, private struggle to light up the darkness."

*Mr. Gitlin tells the story of a made-for-TV movie about a woman who left her husband, had a lesbian affair, and returned to hubby in the last reel. Standards and Practices (the in-house censor) didn't like the closing scene, in which the wife fell into her husband's arms and said: "It's good to be home again." Its comment: "Don't you realize that will offend every lesbian in America?"



ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS OF THE POSTWAR CONSERVATIVE MOVEMENT

THE TRIUMPH OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT
The Presidential Speeches of Ronald Reagan

With Introductory Essays By
U.S. Senator John P. East, U.S. Senator Orrin Hatch
And U.S. Representative Philip M. Crane

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Edited by Emil Arca and Gregory J. Pamel

"[The editors] have exercised considerable care in choosing and organizing the public addresses of President Reagan's first term that comprise this book. Their contribution will serve important public purposes both in the short and the long term... [V]oters will have here a useful record of how President Reagan has used his stewardship of the 'bully pulpit' to achieve a triumph of the American spirit... In the future, historians will find it a living source of insight into the thoughts and words of one of the very few most articulate, effective and successful Presidents in American history."
— SENATOR JOHN P. EAST
From the introductory essay

This collection highlights the first four years of the Reagan Presidency with over 60 complete and excerpted speeches including Reagan on: Economic Growth and Individual Freedom • Education • Tragedy and Triumph — Lebanon and Grenada • The Failure of The Great Society • Getting Control of the Federal Bureaucracy • America's Economic Renaissance • America's Dependence on Religious Belief • Prayer in the Life of the Nation • Abortion • Crime • Civil Rights and Equal Opportunity • The Role of Private Initiatives in the Community • The Conservative Movement • Promoting the Institutions of Democracy (Address to the British Parliament) • East-West Relations • The Nature of Totalitarianism: The "Evil Empire" Speech • On the Frontier of Freedom: Camp Liberty Bell, South Korea • America's Commitment to Israel • U.S. Policy in Central America.

The book is organized topically on these subjects: ★ ECONOMIC POLICY ★ SOCIAL ISSUES ★ FOREIGN AFFAIRS ★ PATRIOTIC & RELIGIOUS THEMES

SOFT COVER • 330+ pages

MAIL CHECK or MONEY ORDER to NRC
National Reproductions Corporation
433 E. Larned, Detroit, Michigan 48226
SEND ____ (THE TRIUMPH OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT) at $9.95 each
plus $1.25 postage and handling
Michigan residents add 4% sales tax.
Name _____ Phone _____
Address _____
City _____ State ____ Zip ____
☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa Card No. _____
NR1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I would go a bit further: *Hill Street Blues* is the first dramatic series on television to be completely liberated from the fallacy of meliorism. Things just don't get any better on Hill Street, though individuals may find the grace to lead decent lives; indeed, everybody is happy enough if things don't get a whole lot worse before the end of the day. That's what makes *Hill Street Blues* so interesting. It and *St. Elsewhere* are the only two television shows to make a thoughtful statement about the essentially conservative nature of life in the real world. For all their flaws, they serve as a welcome reminder that the phrase "adult television" is not necessarily an oxymoron.

If Todd Gitlin were as completely liberated from the fallacy of meliorism as is *Hill Street Blues*, *Inside Prime Time* would be a better book. Unfortunately, he gives the game away with his admiring description of an ABC flop called *American Dream*:

> The show confronted race tensions with liberal piety, yet acknowledged that people of color might have economic reasons for resenting do-gooding whites. When I saw the show, I was touched by [its] embrace of those liberal pieties, now in such bad odor, and impressed with the show's presentation of reasonable arguments among reasonable people on thorny subjects.

In the epilogue to *Inside Prime Time*, of course, Mr. Gitlin rips off his mask and reveals that he was gung-ho for Liberal, Instructive Art all along:

> If there is ever to be an American television industry that aims to do something different, to challenge us rather than hook us and fawn on us and condescend to us, it would have to come because publics organize to insist on it, in part at least out of a felt need and desire to create a public domain where citizens can feel empowered to transact public affairs . . . the predicament of American television is the predicament of American culture and politics as a whole. Walt Whitman wrote: "To have great poets there must be great audiences, too."

We've heard it all before, and the answer is still the same: Anybody who can read a bell-shaped curve knows that "great audiences" come in groups of one or two hundred at a time, not in the mind-numbing quantities needed to make a TV network pay for itself. And anybody who watches PBS knows equally well that the non-commercial alternative is invariably a piece of poorly written, predictably slanted claptrap like *Concealed Enemies*.

I hate to belabor the obvious, but the ultimate line of defense against both the idiocies of commercial TV and the hidden agenda of Mr. Gitlin remains the simplest one of all: *Turn it off*. Mr. Gitlin is up in arms, as far as I'm concerned, over nothing at all —a state in which most victims of the meliorist fallacy find themselves with dizzying regularity. □

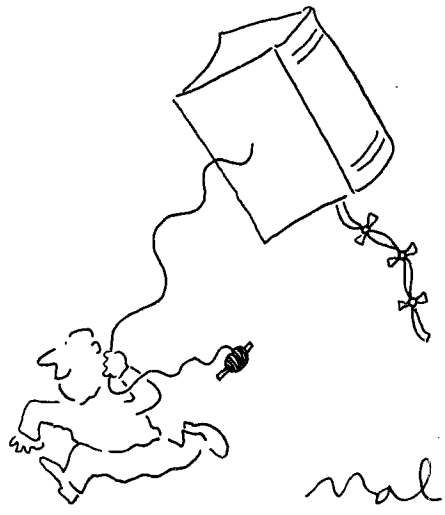
LOOKING BACK

EVELYN WAUGH: THE LAST TOURIST

Henrik Bering-Jensen

A SINGLE OIL LAMP sways from the rotting beam and so thick are the mosquitoes round it that it sheds only a pale glow. The table has long ago been devoured by ants and I write on my knees crouching on an empty cask. . . . The governor is sitting in the corner now mechanically dealing out the greasy cards in a game of patience that will never come out because the three of clubs was stolen many years ago by a Portuguese adventurer who needed it for a hand of poker. . . . The missionaries have long forsaken their vows and live openly with native women infecting them with hideous diseases. The medical officer is a leper. . . . As I write a crocodile snaps viciously at my feet and a cobra coils itself about the pen so I must stop and say good-bye and G.B.Y."

The letter is dated January 1, 1933,



Georgetown Club, British Guiana, and it is signed, not Indiana Jones as you might think, but Evelyn Waugh. In later photos the British satirist hardly fits our standard image of the fearless explorer: small, round, and tweedy, he looks like somebody you would expect to meet at a church sale rather than in the middle of the green hell of Guiana. Between 1928 and 1935, however, Waugh journeyed to the Middle East, Africa, and South America, and out of these travels came no fewer than four books: *Labels*, *Remote People*, *Ninety-Two Days*, and *Waugh in Abyssinia*. In 1945 he selected five long excerpts from these and published them under the title *When the Going Was Good*. Inspired by the renewed interest in Waugh's works resulting from the television success of *Brideshead Revisited*, Little, Brown has now reissued the book in its series of Evelyn Waugh reprints, a commendable initiative, as the book is a classic from the days when people still knew how to write travel books.

Restlessness was in the air; Waugh's generation deliberately turned its back on civilization and set out for remote and isolated places, Peter Fleming for the Gobi Desert, Graham Greene for the Liberian hinterland, and Waugh himself for points south, "with the belief that barbarism was a dodo to be stalked with a pinch of salt," as he puts it. Europe could wait; there would always be time for Europe. Their attitude would undoubtedly have been less sanguine, had they been able to anticipate the coming catastrophe.

The first excerpt, "A Pleasure Cruise in 1929," is a flashback to the golden age of the great hotel ships and their particular clientele, where on the sun deck you might bump into a baron wearing morning coat, white pants, and a beret, or find your deck chair occupied by a perfume-heavy widow, full of vague dreams of palms, pyramids, and sheiks. The ship calls at all the famous ports of the Mediterranean—Cairo, Port Said, Athens, Malta, Constantinople. Waugh writes of the luxurious and the surprising: cookery, wine, eccentric people, "grottoes by day, the haunts of the underworld by night."

As the celebrator of decadence, Waugh has no equal. As a remedy for a hangover after one night's revels in Athens he recommends a large glass of champagne spiced with a cube of sugar that has been soaked in angostura bit-

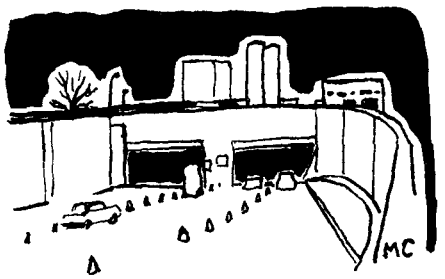
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ters and rolled in cayenne pepper; as it rises to the surface, each champagne bubble carries with it a red grain of pepper. He spends the morning sipping this "almost unendurably desirable drink" while absentmindedly playing with a friend's collection of artificial birds and music boxes. The sensuousness of these passages would make a butterfly shiver with delight.

In the following section, "A Coronation in 1930," we meet Waugh as a spectator at Emperor Haile Selassie's coronation, one of those rare occasions when the whole world decides to take a holiday and go on a picnic, equipped with rifles, butterfly nets, and ant-proof suitcases. Waugh carefully recreates the *Alice in Wonderland* atmosphere of the occasion, *Alice* in Waugh's view being the closest historical parallel to the Abyssinia of those days, where "royalty paces the croquet lawn beside the chief executioner, and litigation ends in a flutter of playing cards." These descriptions later became the background material for the novels *Black Mischief* and *Scoop*.

As an adventurer, Waugh displays the peculiarly British brand of imperviousness and stoicism toward his surroundings, which goes a long way toward explaining his country's success as a colonial power. He can travel in the greatest luxury or in the greatest poverty apparently without being in the slightest affected by it. He will fearlessly visit leper colonies, Arabian brothels, and Turkish baths, smoking hookahs that would immediately infect ordinary mortals with cholera or elephantiasis. Maybe it is his ironic distance that protects him. Or maybe the secret lies in his favorite travel diet, tinned partridge and Chianti.

Toughness is greatly in demand on his trip to South America and the villages of the rain forest; his descriptions bring to mind those of the great Victorian explorers. The dangers are real. In a typical village, the blacksmith makes his living by adjusting shotgun triggers, and the murderous inclinations of the inhabitants are only deterred by their apathy, brought on by semi-starvation. In the forests, hermits tell incredible stories about horses that can swim under water, "missing links," and giant water apes, and the bawdy talk at the campfire suddenly turns into discussions of Original Sin and the cosmic order. This is Waugh's favorite borderland, "where ideas, uprooted from their tradition, become oddly changed in transplantation."



In the final section, "A War in 1935," foreigners again flock to Abyssinia's threatened capital, Addis Ababa, after the Italian invasion. Now a war correspondent, Waugh describes himself as being dressed "in the livery of a new age" and no longer quite the carefree youth who explored Port Said's underworld. In his own words, "there is no room for tourists in a world of displaced persons." Mechanized warfare against tribal warriors is only a forewarning of worse to come. However, despite the darker mood, Waugh's sense of the deliciously absurd does not desert him, as in his descriptions of his fellow reporters, who don gas masks at the poker table after the first rumors of aerial attacks.

Regrettably, things have not improved much in this part of the world since Waugh's day. In Oxford in the early 1970s, yours truly ran into Haile Selassie's grandchild, Crown Prince Zara Yacob Asfa-Wossen, a wonderfully languid young man, whose study was splendidly furnished in a style that can best be described as Louis Farouk, and who was always good for drinks and Turkish cigarettes at five. We were a small gang of latter-day adventurers who already saw ourselves in key positions in the regime, as chief of the secret police, chief of the Praetorian Guard, and Grand Inquisitor. We even had a candidate for the post of Imperial Fool. Unfortunately, the dynasty collapsed before anything could come of our plans. When I last saw the crown prince, he was in exile, with constantly changing addresses, and learning how to shoot in self-defense. He was a lousy shot. Suddenly, you understand Waugh's gratitude that he was allowed to experience it all "while the going was good." □

Which of these languages would you like to speak?

Mark the one you want to speak in 2 or 3 months' time

☐ Afrikaans	☐ German	☐ Malay
☐ American English	☐ Greek (Modern)	☐ Norwegian
☐ Arabic	☐ Hebrew (Modern)	☐ Polish
☐ Chinese	☐ Hindi	☐ Portuguese
☐ Danish	☐ Indonesian	☐ Russian
☐ Dutch	☐ Irish	☐ Spanish
☐ Finnish	☐ Italian	☐ Swedish
☐ French	☐ Japanese	☐ Welsh

A Linguaphone Course makes you feel at home in almost any country. You'll never miss the meaning of conversations or be at a loss for words.

- It must work—over 4 million Linguaphone students in 88 countries speak a second language FLUENTLY
- Proven learning success. You LISTEN to real conversations on cassettes ... UNDERSTAND what you hear by following illustrated textbooks. HOLD CONVERSATIONS with the speakers.
- **You start speaking the very first lesson.** You learn at your own convenience.
- It's like having a private tutor.
- You get a complete, professional language program at little cost.
- You gain a good, working vocabulary.
- In just 2 to 3 months you can speak another language with complete confidence.
- You develop an authentic accent. Only native-born speakers are used.

Linguaphone The Language Masters

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 28 DAY FREE TRIAL

Linguaphone Dept. 616 313 Nolana Ave. McAllen, Texas 78504

FREE INFORMATION: Please mail me FREE information about learning the languages I have checked. FREE brochure.

Name (please print) _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL

THE SOUTH

Richard Brookhiser

If you go south of Rome, you are bound to see Pompeii and Capri. Also, unfortunately, Sorrento—a tourist trap with all the charm of the Jersey shore, and only two redeeming features—a commanding view of the Bay of Naples (invisible from the main drag), and a train station from which one can get to all the local sights in an hour or less.

Industrialized Naples squirts out a great deal of smoke, and the weather can be naturally hazy; so that, if it is not exactly true that, as Will Rogers said, San Francisco Bay makes the Bay of Naples look like the Chicago drainage canal, there come nights and days when the twinkling, distant lights are hidden and the long, low bulk of Vesuvius is lost. Beyond Sorrento, however, on the way to Salerno, the wind works harder and the air seems fresher. Halfway down this stretch of coast, near the summit of the ridge that plunges almost straight to the sea, sits Ravello, one of the prettiest spots on earth.

Tourists have been onto Ravello for a long time, and some pretty famous ones have made the long drive uphill. The Hotel Palumbo, which occupies a former palazzo overlooking its own vineyard, and which is managed by the grandson of the founder, displays in its guest book a copy of a letter from a pleased Richard Wagner. The lush Ranulfo gardens, on the grounds of another old estate, helped inspire him during the composition of *Parsifal*. "The gardens of Klingsor have been found!" he exclaims, in Italian, on a wall plaque commemorating the afflatus. (Did that odious genius ever think of anything except in terms of himself?)

The steep and tortuous ascent, however, lifts Ravello out of the heaviest to-ing and fro-ing of the coast; and once you have arrived, there is nothing to do. Nothing, except eat the pompous grand hotel cuisine, still catering to the palates of long-dead Englishmen; walk the curling streets, narrow as hallways; watch the rusty goldfish in the occasional fountain, the lizards scurrying over the grape arbors, the bats feeding at dusk; sit in the square at night and observe the raucous families and the moonrise over the crumbling campanile; breathe the sweet, damp air.

Four miles, but a good half-hour, away lies Amalfi, overrun with tourists, but not overwhelmed—for Amalfi is a place with history and a presence that withstands invaders. Once Amalfi had a doge and contested with Genoa for the Mediterranean sea routes. But the town peaked in the tenth century, and the last millennium has been a long subsiding. Today, the grey gravelly beach abuts a promenade and a monument to the inventor of the compass. The pocket-sized square teems with shops selling crockery, not all of it hideous, and the church, whose cloister shows Saracen influences, squats over a restaurant named the Apostles' Lounge.

The Naples described in guidebooks is a forbidding place, home of pickpockets and feral urchins. In reality, it may well be; it also has excellent museums. The Capodimonte is supposed to have great paintings of all kinds, including Brueghels (alas, *chiuso*—closed—is one of the first Italian words the tourist learns). The Archaeological Museum displays the spoils of Pompeii in a disheveled old palace, almost as sad as the catastrophe itself. And there are the *presepi*—wooden nativity scenes sculpted in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries for the Christmas celebrations of noble families.

Every December, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City sets out its own collection of Neapolitan crêche figures, which gives some idea of the home-town stuff. Some—for the Met spreads its Wise Men and shepherds and angels tastefully around a huge tree. But down a long corridor of the Certosa di San Martino, beyond a display of old theater posters, the little figures fill their stages as if blocked by Cecil B. De Mille. There are shelves of odd pieces—herdsmen there, animals here, tiny plates of food (all Italian, of course). There is a miniature crêche in an eggshell. The main event, the crêche of the Cucinello family, fills a case twenty feet across: a little Judaea, vivid and imaginary: roistering peasants, turbaned black musicians, Roman ruins that never were. From a pale blue sky—the paint is chipped—a torrent of angels pours on the Holy Family, who are nearly lost in the happy hubbub.

At the dawn of the Christian era, when Vesuvius buried the city of Pompeii under a storm of minute cinders, it also covered the town of Herculaneum with a blanket of even finer particles of volcanic dust. For this reason, the destruction of Herculaneum, though equally total, was not nearly so violent, and when the entombed ruins began to be excavated in the eighteenth century, they emerged in a much better state of preservation.

It is a small site, about a quarter of a mile square; the present-day town looms thirty or forty feet overhead, at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the current ground level. A few of the museum-quality objects have been left in place—a bust; a frieze; an indecent statue of Hercules. The chief attractions of the place, however, are the dim ghosts of daily life, the things the Herculaneans saw every day without observing: a coil of rope; a shop full of vases; the benches of the women's bath-house (they sit the same way in the Health & Racquet Club today, and probably for the same reasons). Ghosts of life; and of sudden death, for without the disaster, not one of those unprized things would have survived.

Death of a different kind overtook the ancient city at Agrigento in Sicily. Agrigento is only the place's most recent name, bestowed on it by a history-minded Mussolini in the Twenties. Before that, the Sicilians had known it as Girgenti. The Saracens called it Kerkent, the Romans Agrigentum. But before even the Romans, when Sicily was, as Giuseppe di Lampedusa put it, the America of antiquity, the wandering Greeks found the spot, and called it Akragas. They settled on the windswept plateau, below the heights on which the modern town would later sprawl, five centuries before the birth of Christ.

The Greek settlements in Italy—*Magna Graecia*—were large and vigorous, and Akragas was, after Syracuse, the second city of Sicily. Empedocles, the philosopher who put his divinity to the proof by throwing himself into Mount Etna, was born there; so was Phalaris, the tyrant who roasted his enemies in a bull-shaped furnace. All that remains of the flourishing place is its temples, one of the largest collections of Greek ruins in the world.

Along the southern edge of the plateau, up a slight slope, stretches a line of five sites. They bear traditional, and erroneous, designations; some have been heavily, and fancifully, restored (the corner columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, re-erected in the 1830s, turned out to consist of bits of several different buildings). And all, even the large Temple of Concord, which enjoyed a second life as a church, are in ruins—some picturesque, some little but rubble. The road to town bisects the defile, and one enterprising hotelier has got himself a site with a full view from his dinner tables. Most of the countryside is given over to the fruits of the stern Sicilian climate—olives, almonds, Joshua trees. The sites are tastefully lit at night, but they show best at dusk, when the topmost temple, a grove of columns assigned to Juno, catches the breeze. Though it was not taken suddenly, like Herculaneum, Akragas succumbed no less surely—to war, conquest, age, time.

As I was succumbing to these melancholy reflections, three cars raced up to the Temple of Juno and disgorged a wedding party. The bride and groom, in satin and tulle and black tie, clambered over the heaps of history, posing for photographs, and kindly invited me and my wife to join in one of their shots. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Biggest Game in Town, by A. Alvarez (Houghton Mifflin, 185 pp., $13.95)

"LIMIT POKER is a science," says Texas gambler Crandall Addington, "but no-limit is an art. In limit, you are shooting at a target. In no-limit, the target comes alive and shoots back at you." Like most well-known practitioners of this particular art form, Mr. Addington spends as much time as possible at Binion's Horseshoe Casino,

Politics and Religion???

Long before the current debate on religion and politics, **Communio: International Catholic Review** addressed this critical issue of our time. The Winter 1982 journal reflected on such themes as

- A Catholic perspective on democracy and moral-religious neutrality
- Christianity and a pluralistic society
- The Moral Majority and Christian politics
- Murray and Maritain on religion and politics

Receive a **free copy** of this special **Religion and Politics** issue (bound copy while supplies last, photocopy after that) when you order your subscription to **Communio**.

Communio seeks **renewal rooted in tradition**, sharing and fostering unity in the Church. It offers theological and cultural reflection from a Catholic perspective by noted theologians, philosophers, historians and social scientists. Authors include Michael Novak, James V. Schall, J. Brian Benestad, Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, and Hans Urs von Balthasar.

See for yourself what makes **Communio: International Catholic Review** an award-winning, first-rate quarterly journal, reflecting on critical issues of our time.

ORDER CARD Please enter my subscription to **Communio** and send me the **Religion and Politics** issue.

☐ 1 year { U.S. — $14.00 / Outside U.S. — $17.00 ☐ 2 years { U.S. — $26.00 / Outside U.S. — $31.00

☐ Payment enclosed (in U.S. currency, please) ☐ Bill me

NAME (please print)_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

(COUNTRY)_____

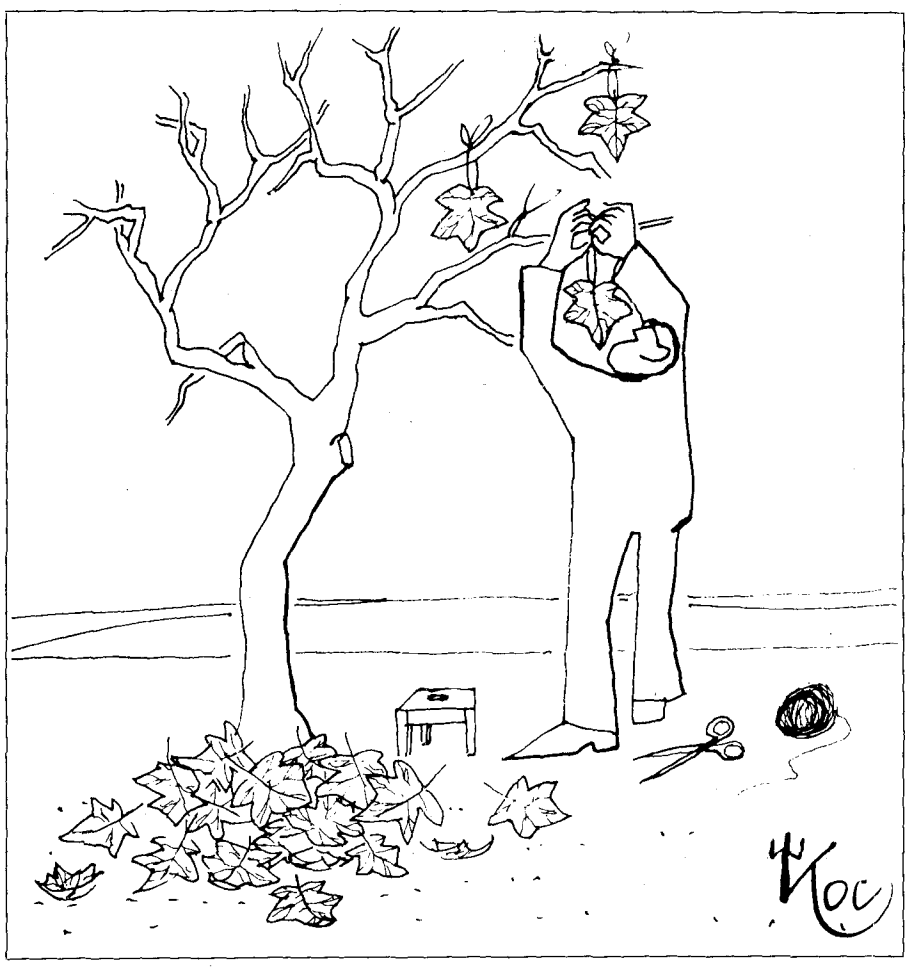
Make check payable to:
COMMUNIO, Gonzaga University, Spokane, WA 99258 USA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the only place in Las Vegas where none of the standard limit rules apply. (In 1980, a man walked into Binion's with a suitcase containing $777,000 in hundred-dollar bills and bet it all on a single throw of the dice at a craps table.) Binion's Horseshoe Casino is the scene of the World Series of Poker, an annual event that attracts a wildly diverse clientele with only one common denominator: an ability to risk appalling sums of money without batting an eye. A. Alvarez, an English poet and critic, best known in this country for his book *The Savage God: A Study of Suicide*, covered the 1981 World Series of Poker for *The New Yorker* in a series of articles that have now been brought out as a short book called *The Biggest Game in Town*. Mr. Alvarez, who claims to play a "respectable" hand of poker, writes elegantly and vividly of the World Series and its highly unusual participants; between hands, he offers the reader a memorable portrait of Las Vegas itself, "a town without grace and without nuance, where the only useful virtues are experience, survival, and money." *The Biggest Game in Town* joins a long line of superior *New Yorker* articles preserved between hard covers; this one is worthy of A. J. Liebling at his very best. SAUL GOODWIN

The Lost Traveler's Dream, by Kelly Cherry (Harcourt Brace, 231 pp., $13.95)

THIS IS a novel that could serve as a model for "serious" modern novelists. It has all the elements—loneliness, alienation, sex, women's issues—interwoven with references to the nature of God and reality. Its structure, a Chinese puzzle, a box-within-a-box-within-a-box affair, is intended to suggest, one must suppose, the fragility of the boundaries between reality and fantasy. *The Lost Traveler's Dream* begins with the fairly straightforward story of Kate Allen, who yearns for a warm and loving relationship with a man but seems forever doomed to failure. Then the second box is opened upon would-be poet Lindy in Amsterdam, where a traumatic love affair with a man who wants to humiliate her by watching her make love to one of his ex-girlfriends seems to propel her into a new role as a photographer, a role in which we later meet her in New York. Then another box is opened, and it contains Nan, who is a novelist, who has created Kate, who has created Lindy, who has . . . But here the cycle of creation stops—or does it? Characters are introduced, along with occasional commentary from creator/writer Nan to allow the reader to be aware that these characters are indeed a creation of the writer's imagination. The reader is permitted to believe that he has at last come to the end of the puzzle. He is not allowed to entertain this illusion for long, however, as the Nan-Kate-Lindy trinity begins to spin out another story with another cast of characters. This story has no beginning or ending by traditional standards, and the reader is left to puzzle over the real, as opposed to the fictional, characters. Professor Cherry, who is also a poet, critic, essayist, and professor of English and permanent Writer in Residence at the University of Wisconsin, has handled the layered-reality device deftly. Lawrence Durrell used this same device effectively in his Avignon quintet, but where Durrell's novels are permeated with inversion and hints of sexual mysteries in exotic settings, Professor Cherry deals with the blander realities of contemporary life, softened by a touch of the modern, transitional South. She is a talented writer, whose poetic abilities are illustrated by her frequently lyrical imagery. It makes one wish she would move beyond the artifices of *The Lost Traveler's Dream* and tap the universal themes of life and death, love and hate, that belong to no place or time and require no complicated structure to enhance their mystery. NORMA B. WILLIAMSON



After the Second Sex: Conversations with Simone de Beauvoir, by Alice Schwarzer (Pantheon Books, 120 pp., $5.95)

THE SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR of *The Second Sex* was *not* a feminist. Back in 1949, when her most famous book was published, she was convinced that equality of the sexes would naturally be achieved by the coming socialist revolution. But by 1972, the year of the first interview in *After the Second Sex: Conversations with Simone de Beauvoir*, she had changed her mind. The situation in Russia was "scandalous": More than fifty years after the revolution "housework and looking after children are [still] exclusively fe-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

male preserves." This realization did not cause her to abandon socialism, but it did convince her to sign on with France's feminist movement. Her conversion to activist feminism aside, Mme. de Beauvoir's thoughts on the state of women have changed little in 35 years. There is no such thing as "woman's nature"; therefore there is no task to which a woman can be "naturally" suited or unsuited. Motherhood is "slavery"; marriage is "a trap"; and that most oppressive of all institutions, the family, is a "ghetto" which "must be destroyed" if the good life is ever to be lived on earth. This last goal is especially desirable, since the destruction of the family may help topple capitalism as well. (Mme. de Beauvoir herself never married.) And of course, she repeatedly echoes the demand for abortion rights. The most serious problem with this book, however, is not the shallowness of feminism, or of Mme. de Beauvoir's cribbed existentialism. The real problem is that this is not so much a book as a sort of fan letter. Alice Schwarzer is described on the back page as "the best-known figure in the West German women's movement"; in her 15-page introduction to this brief book she makes it clear that she considers Mme. de Beauvoir both comrade and heroine. The questions she puts to Mme. de Beauvoir are designed to flatter her idol, even at the expense of ganging up on Jean-Paul Sartre in the book's one dual interview, wherein we discover the true root of Sartre's despair: He was henpecked.

SUSAN T. VIGILANTE

FRUMKIN

(Continued from page 42)

en. Screaming and crying everywhere. People resisted till they had no more bullets. Then they threw rocks and sticks at the tanks. . . . Then they ran from the valley. Now no one knows where his wife, children, relatives are. . . . They are all over the mountains and valleys.

"They bombed before the battle began. All kinds of bombs: large rockets, another kind that made it very hot and everything would start burning. Another kind of bomb gave off a bad kind of smoke—it caused headaches, a bad taste in your mouth, terrible pains in the legs.

"Now, wherever you look, there is nothing left. There is only death and the trucks and tanks of the Russian soldiers.

"I don't know what will happen to the Mujahedin in Afghanistan. The Russians have no concept of human life. . . . We lost our friends, our dear friends. We fought together hiding behind stones. Now, please turn off the light for a moment [he cries]. . . . The people who lived in the valley were very poor. But they were happy with their families, their children. Now their life is no more, it has been crushed, destroyed by the Soviet armies. For what?"

How to Succeed

The last item is a letter written by a man in the Soviet Union.

"Recently a friend of mine returned from Afghanistan. He is a doctor who has been drafted to serve two years as a lieutenant. He has been in Afghanistan from the very first day. There is no question of having been a volunteer. He participated in 29 punitive expeditions (destruction of villages and of the civilian population). He took part in torture which is used to get information about the rebels. . . .

"He was made a Communist Party member a few hours after filling out the application. He was awarded three combat decorations. He earns six hundred rubles a month. His blood type is tattooed on his left shoulder.

"The commandos usually work at night. They surround a village that has been designated for destruction. The inhabitants are killed silently, knives and bayonets only. Shooting is allowed only if armed rebels appear.

"The soldiers are told as soon as they arrive in Afghanistan that their relatives are responsible for their 'good' behavior. There are quite a few cases of suicide. If a soldier refuses to shoot at civilians, if he tries to desert—he is executed. Two soldiers were shot in [my friend's] presence. Every officer gets four days leave each month to go to Tashkent. Prostitutes are made available for them there.

"He is not an idealist or a patriot. He understands quite well what he is doing, and what he will keep on doing when he goes back there."

So there you are. I think that these stories deserve to be told by the American media. I guess that those who edit our news disagree. Why? □

AMERICAN HAWAII CRUISES
Seven days. Four islands. One unforgettable week.
FREE FINANCIAL PLANNING SEMINAR. TIME TO ENJOY BOTH.
TAX DEDUCTIBLE!!! Ask us! 666-1761
from $1095 plus $339 RT air
Book now for 1985 and get FOUR EXTRA DAYS FREE!!
ESTHER GROSSBERG TRAVEL
6300 West Loop South • Bellaire, Texas 77401

SOME DON'T KNOW!
THE BILL OF RIGHTS

The first Ten Amendments to the constitution, screened front and back on a quality T-shirt. $9.** Postpaid:
red white Lt blue yellow S/M/L/XL
CORONA GRAPHICS, DEPT NR,
395 RIVER ROAD
E. LIVERPOOL, OHIO 43920

CALL FOR ANY CURRENT BOOK.
BOOK CALL ™
1-800-255-2665
In Connecticut call 1-966-5470
• Amex, MasterCard, Visa or check
• We ship immediately, anywhere in the world • Gift wrapping available • Mail orders welcome
Write or phone for Free Holiday Gift Catalog.
59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840

THE GREAT UNIVERSITIES
provided the ground for the important political leaders, philosophers, theologians, scientists, lawyers, poets, and religious of the past.

Our college program is based on the Humanities as discerned in the great books of Western civilization and as seen through the eyes of the Christian humanist.

THOMAS MORE INSTITUTE OF LIBERAL ARTS

FOR CATALOGUE AND BROCHURE WRITE TO:
DR. PETER V. SAMPO
Thomas More Institute of Liberal Arts
One Manchester Street
Merrimack, N.H. 03054

PLEASE SEND ME INFORMATION ABOUT THIS PROGRAM
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....
TELEPHONE.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE RIGHT / WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

EXIT GROMYKO

NEW YORK, OCT. 4

CONCERNING THE trip of Mr. Gromyko to the United States, a few observations:

1. Have you noticed that the Communists can say absolutely anything and nobody appears to be troubled? Gromyko came to the United Nations and delivered a 75-minute speech at least one half of which was a congestion of lies, by which I do not mean what you and I would call lies and what the Communists would call the truth because of their transcendent historical commitment. I mean lies in the sense of the lies Gromyko personally relayed to President John F. Kennedy on October 18, 1962, assuring the President that the stuff the Soviet Union was sending to Castro's Cuba was merely defensive. The stuff he was sending to Cuba at that very moment was offensive nuclear-tipped intermediate-range missiles that could reach every major city in America with the exception of Seattle where, by ironic masterstroke, the head of our CIA was spending that particular weekend.

So who cared? The best we got—and I don't deny the gravity of this—is James Reston's reference to Gromyko's bad manners. Bad manners is a very high sin in Mr. Reston's ledger, and one of these days he will accuse the Devil of bad manners, and if the Devil fails to flinch, he will confirm Mr. Reston's point.

People who lie and cheat are certainly guilty of bad manners. But it is my point here that people who do not object in any way to those who lie and cheat are also guilty of bad manners. If Gromyko hadn't had a nuclear missile in his right-hand pocket, he'd have been treated by the civilized powers as Idi Amin would have been treated if, in 1973, he had followed through on his plans to go to the United Nations to read aloud the Protocols of the Elders of Zion, which General Amin had just discovered and thought to be the key to the mysteries of the universe.

When the South African ambassador rises to speak in the UN, which is once a year for 45 seconds, there is a mass exodus by the Third World. So then, you accept the rule: Don't leave the room when you are being addressed by any ambassador of any country that has nuclear weapons. One can accept that as a realistic deference to the realities of power. It isn't easy to understand why more non-diplomats didn't give Gromyko his due. Anthony Lewis would only have got mad at Gromyko, one gathers, if Gromyko had said something pleasant about Ronald Reagan, which he didn't.

2. It becomes every day clearer what it is that Gromyko wants. He wants us to call a halt to our experiments with a nuclear space shield. One has to understand that the Soviets have a twenty-year stake in their nuclear battering ram, on which they have so obviously relied in their campaign to achieve undeniable diplomatic dominion over the affairs of the world. Suddenly some bright scientific thinking and a relatively modest investment by the United States threaten to make the massive Soviet intercontinental force irrelevant. Not irrelevant because Soviet bombs could not now get through the shield. Some could get through. But if three-quarters of them didn't, then the whole idea of a preemptive first strike is eliminated. Not only eliminated as a matter of actuality: i.e., if a nuclear shield made it impossible to count on knocking out an effective retaliatory force, the Soviet Union could not contemplate the military enterprise; but knocking it out, also, in terms of its diplomatic leverage. If the Soviet Union is known not to represent the conclusive threat it seeks to represent—who knows, self-respecting ambassadors might one day yawn and walk out of the chamber when Gromyko sets out with his farrago of lies and threats.

3. And so President Reagan, having done as much as he could do in the United Nations short of resigning as evidence of his contrition over our harassment of the Soviets ever since we swindled them at Yalta, needs now to resume steadily the course he wisely undertook after his inauguration. Patience in standing up to the regular inventory of Soviet bluster; resolution in distinguishing real from fancied offers of arms reduction; and full speed ahead on research and development of the nuclear shield. One of these days it may occur to his critics that something is to be gained from standing aside from the rewritten history that sustains such creatures as Gromyko. Diplomats have to be polite when they are in the room with Adolf Hitler striking out agreements. But poets and journalists don't need to be, and shouldn't. □

A REACTION TO THE POPE IN CANADA

REGINA, SASK., SEPT. 28

CANADIANS HERE are wondering why exactly the Pope elected to say what he did in Canada. To tell the truth, some are wondering why he elected to say what he did at all. The kind of talk one heard from Pope John Paul is generally heard in the United Nations, and generally listened to by nobody.

But, of course, the Pope is very far from being nobody, so the effort is being made to understand what exactly he has on his mind. The *Toronto Globe*, in two different sections of its editorial page, quoted the most lacerating passage in the papal elocution. The Pope said, "The poor people and poor nations—poor in different ways, not only lacking food, but also deprived of freedom and other human rights—will judge those people who take these goods away from them, amassing to themselves the imperialistic monopoly of economic and political supremacy at the expense of others."

The editorial writer asked, "Of whom could he be speaking? Does he mean that poor countries are poor because rich countries are rich? If the cap fits, of course, Canadians will have to wear it, but many will have some difficulty in seeing themselves part of a giant conspiracy to deprive poorer countries of their goods—still less their liberty." But to have left it at that might have suggested callousness toward the message, and so the editorial writer hoisted himself up by his moral bootstraps and added, "On the other hand, they may —indeed should—feel that we must do more to influence international affairs and so help the poorer nations." The question, of course, is how. How to help them.

Just how does the Pope wish to restructure the economy? A year ago, the Canadian Catholic bishops issued a report on the economy that made young men exposed to rudimentary economic laws cry for the embarrassment of it all. Was the Pope seeking to bail out the Canadian bishops? "Canada has been called the breadbasket of the world and it was one of the world's leading exporters of fish before the recent recession. It is a cruel paradox that many of you who could be engaged in the pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duction of food are in financial distress while, at the same time, hunger, chronic malnutrition, and the threat of starvation afflict millions of people elsewhere in the world." That's right, it is exactly that, a cruel paradox. But paradoxes do not collapse because they are cruel. It is a cruel paradox that Christ came on earth to teach us to avoid sin, but that He predicted we would sin again, seventy times seven times.

But the Pope, being Pope, and not being simply a Third World country, precisely the question of moral behavior arises, and beyond saying that it is "wrong" that some nations like Canada should be rich and others like Honduras should be poor, he does very little to say exactly what it is that Canada ought to be doing to make Honduras less poor. And Canadians do not wish to understand the Pope as saying that he desires Canadians to be less rich. They just had a big election in Canada the purpose of which was to make Canadians richer than they now are, suffering as they have been from an awful recession and continuing to suffer with more than 10 per cent unemployed.

The problem now and as far back as the popes have got into big-think economic matters is that they tend, driven no doubt by the impulses of magnanimity, always to think of distribution, never to think of production. And when that happens, you get what happens in this world. The United States, recognizing what it is that induces production, grows up with farmers who are free, and land that is private. In equivalent climatic circumstances, the Soviet Union strips the farmer of his land and seeks agriculture by regulation. And the result is a teeming granary in America, and starvation in Russia.

There are only two serious things that rich nations can do to help the poorer nations: 1) Give them our technology and 2) lower all trade barriers. Ronald Reagan's courageous decision not to impose additional burdens on foreign steel was the right economic decision, and also the correct Christian decision. □

LITTLE LORD HAW HAW IS BACK!

NEW YORK, OCT. 2

SOME OF THE folk who during the Vietnam War sided with the North Vietnamese on the ground that what was going on in South Vietnam was a struggle between brave anti-colonialist democrats and Wall Street imperialists fell into deep silence after the boat people gave mute testimony to what it means to lose a war to Communist imperialists. Some did the courageous thing—one thinks of Joan Baez—and confessed that they had been wrong, dreadfully wrong in their assessment of what was going on in South Vietnam. Others tiptoed away into other professions, like Chicago Seven's Jerry Rubin, who decided that the life of a Wall Street runner was an improvement over that of a revolutionary. And still another became chief counsel to the Mondale for President campaign.

Little Lord Haw Haw, as we called him back in 1971, graduated from Syracuse University with something of a swagger, a way of looking at himself he has not lost in the intervening years. Here is how he introduced himself, in 1971, over the radio. Radio Hanoi. Talking to American troops, fighting in South Vietnam. He said: "My name is David Ifshin, and I'm president of the National Student Association of the United States, and I was student-body president at Syracuse University last year." That was the introduction designed to wow the troops who were otherwise engaged in avoiding things like booby traps, ambushes, sniper fire. Having properly introduced himself, Little Lord Haw Haw went on to give American troops the benefit of the extensive knowledge of world history that a student-body president of Syracuse University would be expected to have. He said, "The Thieu-Ky regime is one of the most oppressive regimes in history."

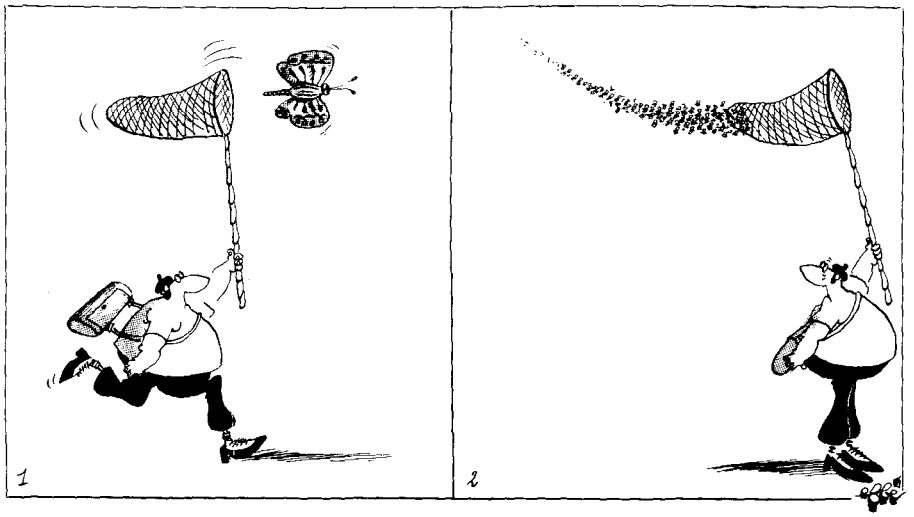
And then the man who now gives legal counsel to the Democratic candidate for President of the United States counseled five hundred thousand American soldiers in Vietnam as follows: "I realize especially after this trip [to Hanoi] that the U.S. Government does not go to South Vietnam to fight for democracy, or to defend the right of the people, but they go there and send us to murder the people of Vietnam in order to make South Vietnam into one large U.S. military base, not to defend the United States but to aggressively threaten other countries. The fear is that if the people of Vietnam are allowed to have their own country, are allowed to determine for themselves their own interests, they will not support the investments of private capital."

The news is that Walter Mondale has met with Foreign Minister Gromyko. Here was a wonderful opportunity for Mr. Mondale's campaign lawyer to elaborate on his knowledge of American foreign policy. After all, he was telling American troops over the radio during the Vietnam War exactly the same thing that Gromyko was telling the Soviet world about American motives in Vietnam. Surely Mondale can take advantage of the mediating talents of his aide? And nobody would ever say about Little Lord Haw Haw that he can't understand the Communist point of view, could he?

BESIDES, it would be good for Mr. Ifshin's self-esteem. And Mr. Ifshin's self-esteem, tracing back to the days when he would announce himself as student-body president and head of the National Student Association (which reminds one: Whatever happened to the NSA? Did it finally collapse after a year of Haw Haw's leadership?), needs constant reassurance. With one of the legal firms he was associated with, en route from Hanoi to the right hand of Walter Mondale, he got into a row. The story is that sitting in his office one day he counted the tiles in his office ceiling and discovered to his dismay that there were fewer tiles in his office ceiling than in that of another lawyer's, whom he considered his subordinate, or inferior, or however they consider lesser creatures in Hanoi. So—the story continues—he raised a huge row and got himself a better office. Ifshin denies this, but a partner in the legal firm commented, "I don't know about the truth of the story, but the point it makes is true." Then there was the story about another row because Ifshin thought his name should precede that of another lesser creature on a legal document.

Certain things are very important to Little Lord Haw Haw, certainly more important than freedom and dignity for the South Vietnamese. He is probably worried right now whether, after the campaign, the law firm will be called Mondale & Ifshin, or Ifshin & Mondale. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Situations Wanted

GOVERNMENT AFFAIRS REPRESENTATIVE, 10 years lobbyist for Catholic Bishops (USCC), Senate and House experience, excellent communicator, seeks similar position with conservative corporation, trade group, or other organization. Write NR Box 3960.

CONSERVATIVE GRADUATE, B.A., finance, seeks position as financial analyst. Age: 26. Married. Will relocate. Write NR Box 3980 or call 602-299-9263.

WRITER, NURSE will attend patient and write biography. Reference exchange required. Write NR Box 3975.

Employment Opportunities

INNOVATIVE CALIFORNIA FIRM seeks distributors nationwide to distribute unique natural nutritional/herbal energy booster to health-food stores, liquor stores, markets. High profit structure. Phoenix Health Products, 1076-A, Front Street Dept. B, Ventura, Calif. 93001. 805-653-7444.

PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN STUDIES. Full or associate professor. Specialization open, but must have competence in wide range of fields in the Judaeo-Christian tradition. Distinguished teaching and publications record necessary, experience with interdisciplinary programs desirable. Send letter of application, vita, list of publications, and sample of published work by December 1, 1984, to Dr. Russell Nichols, Vice President for Academic Affairs, Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich. 49242.

EDITOR WANTED for English-language weekly in Far East. Several years' experience as foreign-news editor or editorial writer for U.S. newspapers or magazines required, as well as conservative outlook and Asian (preferably Chinese) expertise. Three months' probation at our expense, then one-year contract at first. Send resume before December 1, 1984, to NR Box 3973.

CAPITOL HILL STAFF-TRAINING seminar. November 26-27 in Washington, D.C. Hundreds of job openings for conservatives. Prepare yourself to work in a congressional office. Contact: The Leadership Institute, 8001 Braddock Road #402, Springfield, Va. 22151. 703-321-8580.

Educational Opportunities

CATHOLIC LIBERAL EDUCATION. Thomas Aquinas College offers serious intellectual discipline and a close-knit community of students and teachers. Classics from Aristotle to Einstein replace textbooks; classroom discussions replace lectures; elective system replaced by an integrated, comprehensive study of mathematics, experimental science, language, music, history, literature, philosophy, and theology. Classes do not exceed 20 students. Financial-aid program. Applications from students with previous college studies encouraged. Endorsed by M. Stanton Evans, Russell Kirk, Malcolm Muggeridge. Accredited by Western Association of Schools and Colleges. For information write to: *Director of Admissions-NR, Thomas Aquinas College*, 10000 North Ojai Road, Santa Paula, Calif. 93060; or call 805-525-4417.

LEARN SPANISH FAST! Easiest, most effective course available. Practical, exciting new method. We specialize in Spanish-language training. Maytext, Dept. L-84, Box 2497, Riviera, Ariz. 86442.

INTENSIVE TUTORING IN HYPNOTHERAPY. For teachers, caseworkers, others interested in full- or part-time private practice. Hypnosis Associates, 14 Northtowne, Jackson, Miss. 39211.

Literary

IMPROVE YOUR COLLEGE APPLICATION. Helpful guide by Ivy League admissions counselor. Send $5 to Guide, Box 902, Dept. R, Hanover, N.H. 03755.

USED, RARE, and out-of-print Catholic books. For free catalogue write to: Kenneth Iandoli, 21-41 Valley View Apts., Watervliet, N.Y. 12189.

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY, the bi-weekly military-affairs newsletter, brings you inside reports on wars, arms sales, and new weapons, along with in-depth features on key developments. $45 for one year, $25 for 6 months. FYEO, Box 8759N, Amarillo, Tex. 79114.

CHRISTIAN CHALLENGE, monthly news and opinion magazine for loyalist Episcopalians and traditionalist Anglicans. Send $12.50 for 6 issues to: Box 2624, Victoria, Tex. 77902.

OUT-OF-PRINT search service: favorite titles and needed sources found. Booklore, Box 318, Sunman, Ind. 47041-0318.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. NRK, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

FREE BOOKSEARCH! Any titles, no obligation. Liberty, Box 272, Concord, Calif. 94522.

FREE BOOK-SEARCHING. Send requests. No obligation. Bazaar Books, Box 496, Chico, Calif. 95927.

WIT KIT. A book of unconventional wisdom. $4. Cullen Hightower, P.O. Box 747, Shalimar, Fla. 32579.

Services

RETIRED COUPLE desires to home-sit December-March, New Orleans vicinity. Write NR Box 3979.

GASOLINE PRICE FORECASTS by U.S. regions. Monthly update. $15 for 6 months or $25 per year. Call Clemen Company, 800-521-3215. California residents, 800-421-4072. VISA or MasterCard.

For Sale

THE AWARD-WINNING Adam Smith necktie—gold on navy blue or gold on burgundy. $20, postage paid. Visa and MasterCard. The Decatur Shop, One Decatur Place, North Adams, Mich. 49262.

SOLAR-POWERED musical key chains. Assorted tunes. Send $8.95 to Lee, P.O. Box 1034, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. Allow 6-8 weeks delivery.

ASSORTED HAWAII T-SHIRTS, 3 for $27. Magnum PI T-shirt, $14.95. Small/medium/large. Hawaiian plants catalogue, $1.50; perfect starfish, $4.50. Hawaiian Connection, P.O. Box 15007R, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815.

RARE GOLDWATER BUTTONS, Landon, Buckley, Nixon, Ford, Dewey, Willkie, Eisenhower, and more! Giant catalogue, $2. Davis Button Society, Box 522, Davis, Calif. 95617.

PERSONALIZED STATIONERY—Monarch, Princess, Townhouse sizes. Major paper mills. Portfolio, $1 (deposit). Fairfield, West Long Branch, N.J. 07764-0427NR.

BAGPIPES: $95 and up. Mideastco, 2817 Cameron Street, Melbourne, Fla. 32901.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: $1.00 per word, minimum 10 words, plus $2.25 for box number. Frequency discounts: 4 times, 90¢ per word; 6 times, 85¢ per word; 8 times or more, 80¢ per word. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 35 days before cover date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address Classified Director, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[James] Hammond on John C. Calhoun

Mr. Calhoun had no youth, to our knowledge. He sprang into the arena like Minerva from the head of Jove, fully grown and clothed in armor: a man every inch himself, and able to contend with any other man.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

160 ORIGINAL WORLD WAR II cartoons appearing on front pages of *Chicago Tribune, Daily News, Herald American.* $25 each. Write NR Box 3958.

Financial

FREE CREDIT BROCHURE. Receive major credit cards. Re-establish good credit quickly. Free call: National Credit, 800-241-8003.

Gourmet

"AUNT SAMMY'S RADIO RECIPES." 24-page booklet from the popular 1920s and 1930s radio show. Send $5 to F. Davies, P.O. Box 480631, Dept. 10, Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.

IDAHO SOURDOUGH recipes, including starter recipe. Send $3 to Clara's Secret, 8897M Austin, Boise, Idaho 83714.

Vacation

SKI ASPEN: 3-bedroom duplex. Sleeps 6. Fireplace, laundry, garage, sauna. Call 217-222-9389.

CHRISTMAS WEEK, December 21-28, desirable Nob Hill Suite, San Francisco. Rate and description on request. Write NR Box 3978.

SAN DIEGO. Beautiful Mission beach house. Fully equipped. Weekly rates. 619-294-2556.

LONGBOAT KEY, FLA. 2-bedroom condominium on beach; 8 clay courts; pool. 3-month rental, $4,900 plus utilities. Other months available at reasonable rates. 617-224-3289.

PUERTO RICO. El Prado Inn (1350 Luchetti, San Juan 00907). Central, sophisticated, affordable. Pool, sundeck, private baths. $40 double, $30 single. Write, or dial direct 809-728-5925.

SKI VAIL. West Vail duplex sleeps 10. Hot tub, fireplace, garage, microwave, washer/dryer. $160-$200 per night. $1,000-$1,200 per week. 919-765-3949.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

MAN, 32, independent but caring, wants to share the joys and troubles of an active yet contemplative life. Catholic, traditional moral values. Ski, hike, wind-surf, travel; influenced by Chesterton and Merton; like Bach, Mozart. I don't have to be the best ever, but I have to do my best when I try. Marriage, family desirable. Interested? I'm outside Boston. Where are you? Write NR Box 3968.

MALE, 30, 5'7", considered handsome; marketing person. Interested in conversation, dining out, seashore, right-to-life activities, children. Seeks female with similar interests. Metro New York. Write NR Box 3926.

MATURE LADY SEEKS GENTLEMAN to share the wonder and curiosity of life. Enjoys travel, museums, flora, fauna. Write NR Box 3966.

VERY ATTRACTIVE, VIVACIOUS, SENSITIVE, slim, blonde, blue-eyed Beverly Hills widow, Jewish, former Democrat now Republican, enjoys a loving home, laughter, good conversation, good food, the arts, travel, etc., seeks responsible 60+ gentleman counterpart with permanency in mind. Box 3977.

LONG ISLAND MALE PROFESSIONAL, 35, 6', blue eyes, conservative, attractive, athletic, loves Lincoln Center, politics, music, and sports. Seeking 25- to 35-year-old sincere female. Write NR Box 3969.

NYC GIRL, 23, loves museums, bookshops, and foreign restaurants, but still misses New England countryside, would like to meet similarly placed (displaced?) fellow. Write NR Box 3976.

AMBITIOUS ALBANY, N.Y., fellow, 25, 5'10", interested in politics, history, economics, sports, seeks pretty, strong-willed Catholic girl for tennis, golf, pizza, and motorcycle rides. Write NR Box 3970.

WARM-HEARTED, GREEN-EYED brunette, 27, 5'2", NYC computer whiz, world traveler, enjoys cooking, bicycling, canoeing. Seeks smart, kind, professional gentleman with traditional outlook. Write NR Box 3964.

HANDSOME, ATHLETICALLY BUILT, high-caliber young professional with charismatic personality, who likes dancing, classical music, and travel, is looking for love, honesty, and possible commitment with lady who, like myself, is successful, appreciates style, panache, has outgrown games, pretense, selfishness, immaturity, and wants to come home to more than just junk mail, TV dinners, sickly looking plants, ravenous pets, teddy bears, etc. Mugshot appreciated. Write NR Box 3924.

PRETTY BLONDE, 23, 5'3", plays piano, bridge, tennis, softball, seeks friendly NYC-area Catholic gentleman for fun and friendship. Write NR Box 3971.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

SOPHISTICATED SCANDINAVIANS seek enlightened correspondence and lasting relationships. Details: Scanna-NR, Box 4, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534.

PENPALS WORLDWIDE. For details write Box 126, Station A, Scarborough, Ontario M1K 2W6, Canada.

AN INTELLIGENT WAY to meet others. For hobbies, sports, correspondence, friendship, vacations, use our Exchange to contact others nearby or worldwide. Electronic Exchange, P.O. Box 68-N1, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured single, widowed, or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970—3,000 members. Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081. 215-566-2132.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS through correspondence. Information: Send stamp. Friendships Unlimited, Box 350, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

VANESSA: CALL PEGGY AT 456-7903, or 338-8416. (You know the area code.) She misses you very much.

Miscellaneous

GOLFERS: FRUSTRATED PUTTER? Change with booklet, *Modern Putting.* Send $2.95 to Bob & Associates, Box 445N, Metamora, Ill. 61548.

HUMOR IS THE life of the party. Be ready with Robert Orben's *Joke Teller's Handbook.* Only $3 plus $1 shipping/handling. OTW Communications, 6886 Olive Tree Way, Citrus Heights, Calif. 95610.

MILITARY MEDALS AND DECORATIONS, bought and sold. Current catalogue 50¢; yearly subscription $4.50. Vernon, Box 1387NR, North Baldwin, N.Y. 11510.

INVENTIONS, IDEAS, new products wanted for presentation to industry and exhibition at national technology exposition. Call 800-528-6050. In Arizona call 800-352-0458, ext. 831.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. For personal report send sample, age, and $20 to Alice Charlesworth, Box 41, Forest Park, Dayton, Ohio 45405.

PREDICT GOOD, BAD DAYS. Year's biorhythm graphs, analysis. Send birthdate, $7.95 to Trac Research, Box 3352, Kingston, N.Y. 12401.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send full page of writing and $20 to Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

FREE BROWN SCAPULAR and explanation of its benefits to those who wear it, as told by the Mother of God. Send S.A.S.E. to Box 3057, Casper, Wyo. 82602.

NR CLASSIFIED ADS

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Rates:
$1.00 per word
$2.25 for NR box number

Pay for two ads—get a third ad FREE. Advance payment (minimum 2 ads)

Enclosed $_____

Mail to:
Classified Director
National Review
150 East 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

AD COPY:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. "He was ___ where he was born." (Sir Henry Wotton)
197 31 173 62 112 179 20 78

B. Unpaid amount
165 89 145 187 23 2 68 114 158 46
136

C. Weimar's parliament
125 97 8 194 86 65 105 24 117

D. Follower of Whitehead and Wesley
10 143 126 73 37 155 184 99 56

E. Protective charms
168 48 182 7 130 72 27

F. Descriptive of Dvorak's work, perhaps
111 61 153 76 131 88 41 123 14 180

G. Devalue
54 103 186 121 3 162 38

H. Holy Roman Emperor (912-973)
94 198 192 49 146

I. Preternatural
83 190 1 55 108 32 157

J. Tibiae
161 28 57 147 181 119 98 176 9

K. Attacked vehemently
110 141 177 26 164 90 149 74 47

L. Rounded mass
95 154 21 196 81 128

M. Speech problem
30 148 64 115 13 178 166

N. Morning ritual at the White House (2 words)
96 170 6 43 122 142 113 133 19 189
75 36

O. Rebecca's offspring
139 183 80 45

P. Polaris (2 words)
59 137 71 191 91 152 109 29 169

Q. IT'S TENNIS (anagram)
53 175 188 11 101 66 124 185 25

R. Normal
195 118 69 174 12 104 35 200

S. Harsh-sounding
87 134 151 106 58 67 22

T. This kind of shop appeals to chess players
40 92 120 60

U. U.S. naturalist (1785-1851)
156 100 132 16 82 42 171

V. Bane of the struggling writer (2 words)
199 34 63 79 93 5 51 116 144 159
135 18 167

W. It takes one to catch one
84 127 4 193 52

X. Roman Catholic devotional services
129 44 138 70 17 160 150

Y. Provide a chair
39 163 50 107 77

Z. Partially rotted
140 15 85 102 172 33

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 I	2 B	3 G	4 W	5 V	6 N	7 E	8 C	9 J	10 D		11 Q	12 R		13 M	14 F	15 Z		16 U
17 X	18 V	19 N	20 A	21 L		22 S	23 B	24 C	25 Q	26 K	27 E		28 J	29 P	30 M		31 A	32 I
33 Z	34 V	35 R	36 N	37 D	38 G	39 Y		40 T	41 F	42 U	43 N	44 X	45 O	46 B	47 K		48 E	49 H
50 Y	51 V	52 W	53 Q	54 G	55 I	56 D	57 J	58 S	59 P		60 T	61 F	62 A		63 V	64 M	65 C	66 Q
	67 S	68 B	69 R	70 X	71 P		72 E	73 D	74 K		75 N	76 F	77 Y		78 A	79 V	80 O	81 L
	82 U	83 I	84 W		85 Z	86 C	87 S	88 F	89 B	90 K	91 P		92 T		93 V	94 H	95 L	96 N
97 C	98 J	99 D	100U	101Q		102Z	103G	104R	105C		106S	107Y	108I	109P	110K	111F	112A	113N
114B		115M	116V		117C	118R	119J	120T		121G	122N	123F	124Q	125C		126D	127W	128L
	129X	130E	131F		132U	133N	134S	135V		136B	137P	138X	139O	140Z	141K	142N	143D	144V
145B		146H	147J		148M	149K	150X		151S	152P		153F	154L	155D	156U	157I		158B
159V		160X		161J	162G	163Y	164K	165B	166M		167V	168E	169P	170N	171U	172Z	173A	
174R	175Q		176J	177K	178M	179A	180F		181J	182E	183O	184D	185Q	186G	187B	188Q		189N
190I		191P	192H	193W		194C	195R	196L	197A	198H	199V	200R						

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We don't buy just any seats. We design them.

GM begins with detailed studies of the human body. Biomedical research. The kind of comprehensive investigation of anatomy da Vinci undertook in the 1500s.

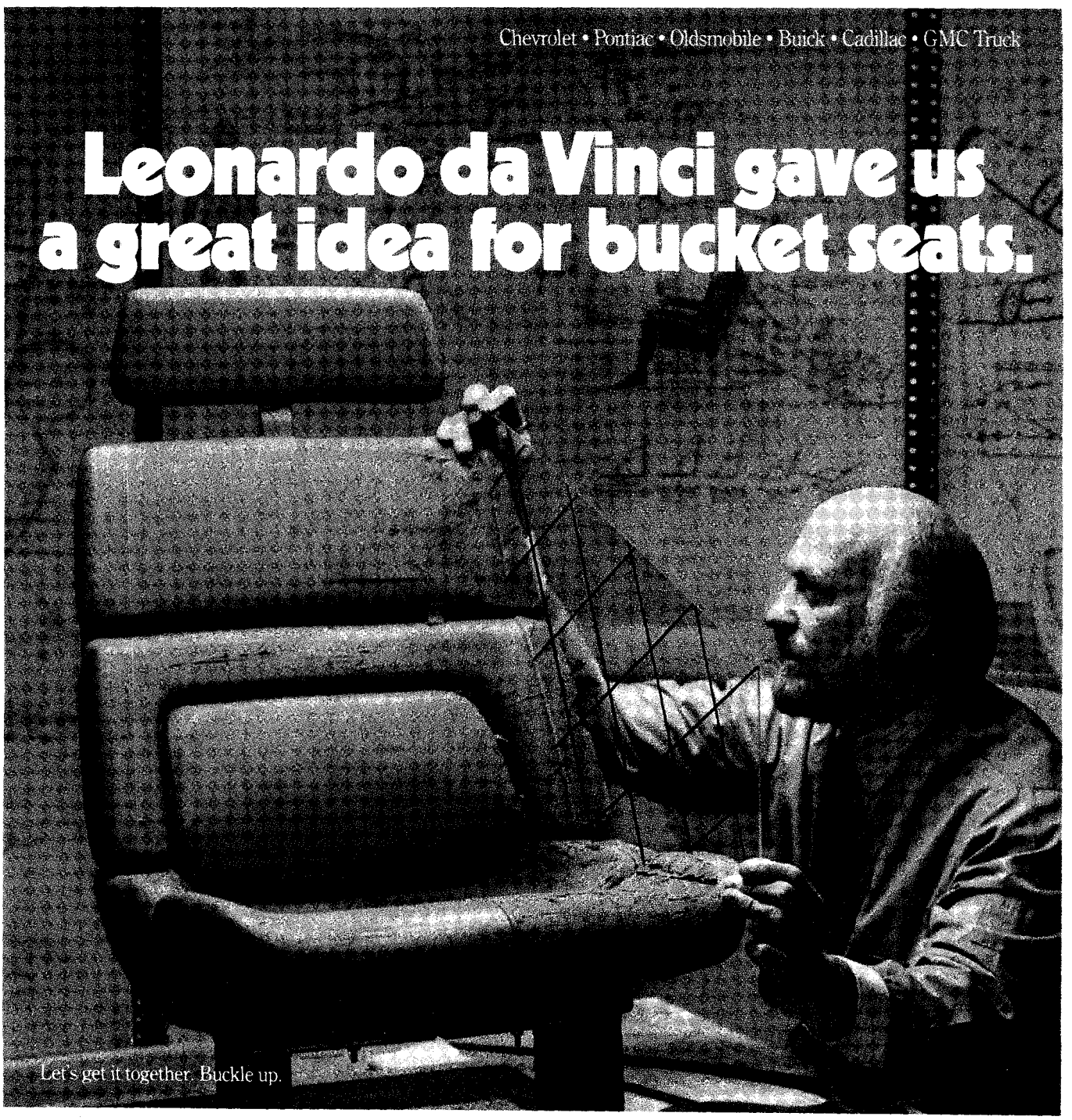
As a leader in the field of Human Factors Engineering, we design interiors scientifically to minimize the possible distractions from your driving.

It may take us two years and countless clay models to arrive at a more comfortable, durable seat for new GM cars and trucks. But we think it's worth it.

And we believe old Leonardo would have thought so, too.

We believe in taking the extra time, giving the extra effort and paying attention to every detail. That's what it takes to provide the quality that leads more people to buy GM cars and trucks than any other kind. And why GM owners are the most loyal on the road.

That's the GM commitment to excellence.


Chevrolet • Pontiac • Oldsmobile • Buick • Cadillac • GMC Truck
Leonardo da Vinci gave us a great idea for bucket seats.
Let's get it together. Buckle up.

Nobody sweats the details like GM.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A world of flavor in a low tar.

MERIT

Low Tar
'Enriched Flavor'
Kings & 100's.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1984

Kings: 9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Men: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'84

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED